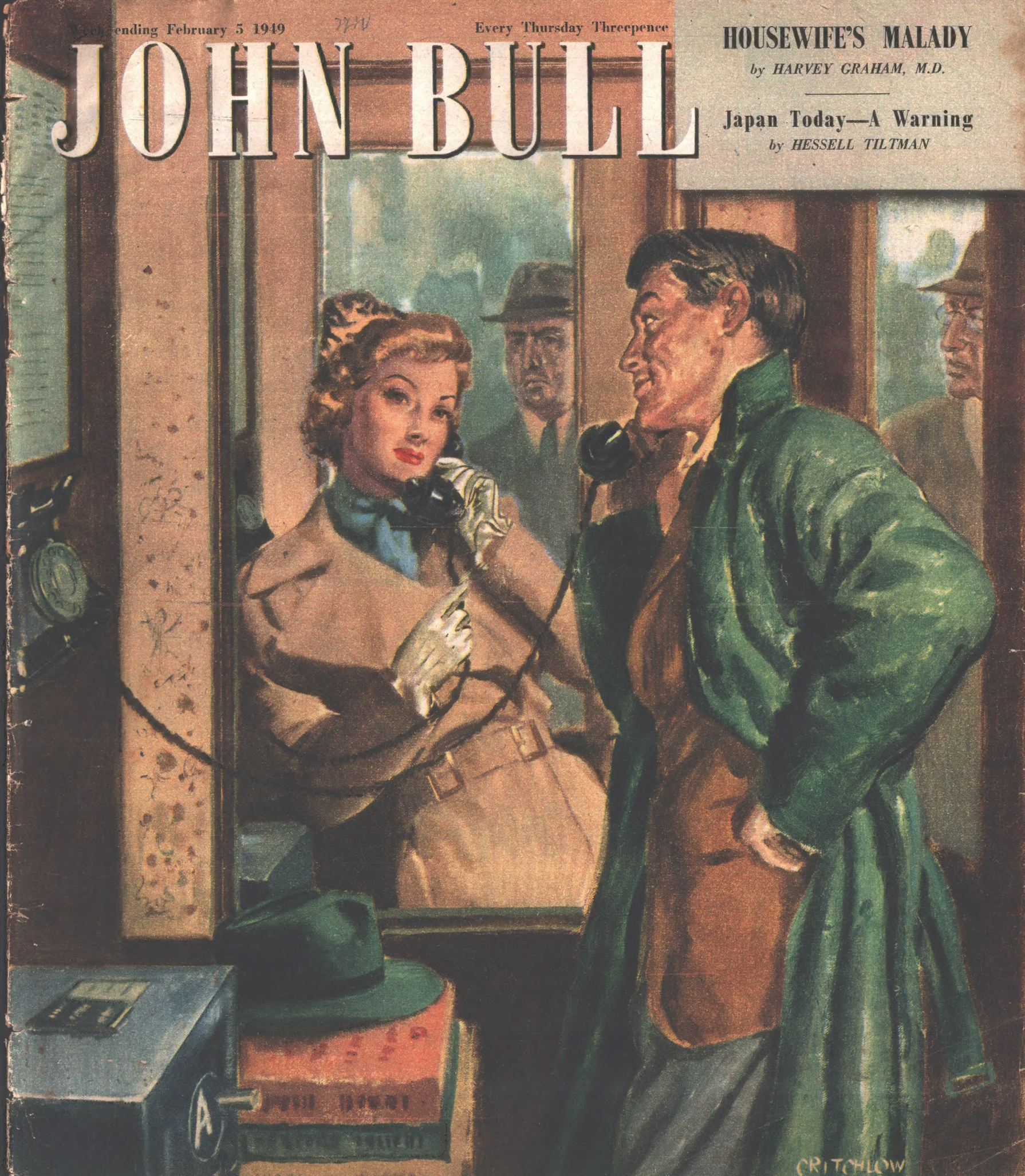
Week ending February 5 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

HOUSEWIFE'S MALADY
by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Japan Today—A Warning
by HESSELL TILTMAN



Those who are stomach sufferers . . .

. . . know the meaning of "being off your food"—the dread of that dull, heavy ache following a meal—the feeling of never being really *well*.

The answer to it is Rennies. Handily wrapped, always ready for the first sign of trouble—two tablets slowly sucked, one by one, counteract excess acid. As you suck, you neutralize the stomach acid *naturally*, drip-by-drip. At no stage do you run the risk of over-alkalization, which provokes further acid. That's why Rennies keep stomach-sufferers fit and happy!

Indeed, if Rennies do not relieve your digestive troubles, it's high time you saw a doctor!

DIGESTIF

RENNIES

for happy stomachs

From all chemists—25 for 9d., or the big economy size—100 for 2/8 (tax included)

626-4A

Your Ambassador

Your notepaper is your personal ambassador. If it creates a bad impression your cause may be lost, or your letter not even read at all!

The best way to create a good impression is to have your stationery die-stamped with your address by W. H. Smith & Son. Many distinctive styles and several colours are available from which you may make your choice.

Any branch of W. H. Smith & Son will gladly give you a price and any further information you may require.

W. H. SMITH & SON

1500 BOOKSTALLS AND SHOPS THROUGHOUT ENGLAND AND WALES

BE EARLY and avoid the Spring rush for

ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus RETEX

*Retex is ACHILLE SERRE's unique process for retexturing garments

K27 BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

If you know of a child in trouble

TELL THE

N.S.P.C.C

A word in confidence to the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2, will lead to immediate investigation.

WHEN IT'S TOO LATE TO AVOID A

COLD

you may still manage to reduce its duration and discomfort by taking Serocalcin.

Many people find Serocalcin very effective in PREVENTING colds. Just as many find that the use of Serocalcin in the treatment dosage is an efficient aid in cutting short a cold when preventive measures are too late.

Treatment of an existing cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up an attack in 3 or 4 days.

Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Prevention of colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: The treatment pack of 20 tablets costs 3/- plus 9d. Purchase Tax. The immunising course of 60 tablets costs 7/6 plus 1/9 Purchase Tax.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN

Regd.

FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

Your money back*

if your dog doesn't like

New CHAPPIE

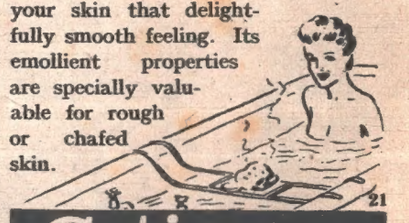
dog food

CONTAINS ALL THE MEAT HE NEEDS

★ Send remainder in bag to Chappie Ltd., Slough, Bucks., we will gladly return your 2/- plus postage.

REFRESHING

Cuticura Soap gives your skin that delightfully smooth feeling. Its emollient properties are specially valuable for rough or chafed skin.



21

Cuticura SOAP

AMAZING BARGAIN

EX M.O.S. NEW & UNUSED

ELECTRIC MOTORS

1/10 h.p. DOUBLE COMMUTATOR MOTOR. AC single phase for 200-250 volts operation. Plus 5s. for carriage and packing. **25/-**

LIGHTWEIGHT HEADPHONES

Precision built. Easily connected to radio extension speaker terminals. Post free **7/6**

SENSATIONAL VALUE

HEAD & MICROPHONE SETS

Moving Coil. Made to stringent Government specification by a world-famous maker. *Send stamped addressed envelope for lists.* PER SET **13/6** *Post Free*

WIRELESS INSTRUMENTS (LEEDS) LTD.

54-56 The Headrow, Leeds, 1 Tel. 22262

FEEL & LOOK AT YOUR BEST in spite of Winter

TO get a brighter outlook on life, take purely vegetable Bile Beans regularly—just a couple at bedtime.

You begin to feel "alive" and cheerful, brimming with energy and brightness. Minor ills due to constipation disappear. Away goes that awful weariness that could very soon rob you of your looks.

Gentle and effective, the favourite family laxative, Bile Beans benefit millions. They will help you, too, to keep fit and youthfully attractive.

Nature's Gentle Aid

BILE BEANS

Better than ever at Butlin's

NOW is the time to plan your holiday! Wise people book up for BUTLIN'S months ahead—they like to be *certain* of a week or two of perfect leisure, with good food and accommodation, sport and entertainment all included in the tariff. Follow their example! There are six Butlin Holiday Villages to choose from, and plans are complete to make them better this year than ever before.

HOLIDAY ANNUAL FREE

Write a postcard to the address below for a free copy of **Butlin's Holiday Annual**—*24 beautifully coloured pages. There's something in it for every member of the family.*

BUTLIN'S LTD. (Dept. H.B.) 439 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

YOURS FOR 55/- WITH ORDER

BALANCE IN 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 22/-

Fully Patented

You'll be amazed at the luxury of this grand new 1949 *Berkeley* Superlax—and you'll be amazed at its remarkably low price, too! Beautiful to look at, this fine Easy Chair has all the famous features exclusive to *Berkeley*. You just relax in any position and the Easy Chair adjusts itself for your comfort! Complete 3-piece Suite also available.

Send the coupon today for colourful FREE Catalogue and patterns of Coverings.

The 1949 Berkeley REGD. SUPERLAX

WITH EXCLUSIVE ADJUSTABLE BACK AND SEAT

Cash Price £14:10:0 GUARANTEE Money back if not satisfied within 7 days

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD., *Sole Manufacturers*

(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1

COUPON *Please send me your Catalogue of Berkeley Upholstery together with range of Coverings.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 5/2 .....

HOW TO BREAK DOWN

catarrh AND CLEAR COLDS

To break down catarrh, and clear colds, you need to do three things—clear congestion of nose and throat, disinfect inflamed tissues, and tone up mucous membranes. Ephedrine will do the first. Silver Vitellin will do the second. And normal saline will do the third.

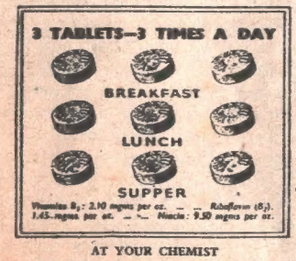
For years scientists tried to combine these three ingredients in a stable solution. At long last this has been achieved in Argotone Nasal Drops—*but only in Argotone.* That is why Argotone will definitely break down your catarrh, will definitely clear your cold.

ARGOTONE

NASAL DROPS contain no oil or sulphonamides

"My meals *do* do me good!"

Yeast releases energy from other foods! Three tablets of Yestamin Daily Yeast with every meal helps you to *positive* health. Yestamin Daily Yeast, a splendid combination of proteins and the B Vitamins, does not contain drugs.



AT YOUR CHEMIST

100 TABLETS 1/6 ● 300 TABLETS 4/-

YESTAMIN *Daily Yeast*

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

Two sides of an exciting life

TELEPRINTER OPERATORS of the ATS form a vital link in the Army's communication system. This is only one of the important jobs open to girls between 17½ and 35. In all trades, you partner the men of the Army. You receive good food and comfortable accommodation, and have every chance to win promotion.

GAMES are encouraged in the ATS, but there are plenty of opportunities for other hobbies, such as dancing, acting and handicrafts. You will see new places, and find new friends among girls of your own age.

If you are looking for an interesting career and an adventurous life . . .

You'll find both in the ATS

I am interested in joining/rejoining.. Please send details without obligation.

Name (Mrs./Miss).....

Address .....

Post coupon to: The War Office, Dept. J.B.71, AG10, London, S.W.1

Thousands of School of Accountancy students have risen from the ranks to

SUCCESSFUL CAREERS

J.D.C. MACKAY Founder

as Directors, Managers, Accountants, Company Secretaries, Cost Accountants, Office Managers, Auditors, Local Government Officers, Cashiers, Chief Clerks and in other Executive Appointments at salaries ranging from £500 to £2,000 a year. School of Accountancy Postal Tuition brings success to average men and women who have the initiative to qualify for responsible positions.

SEND FOR THIS 170 PAGE FREE GUIDE TO CAREERS

the most valuable book ever published on careers in Commerce, Industry and Public Service. Read the inspiring records of postal students in every branch of administration and in Matriculation, Professional and Commercial Examinations. Learn how you can obtain free advice from the Careers Adviser.

The School of Accountancy

58 Regent House, Glasgow, C.2 *and Shell House, Johannesburg.*

PAINT, CELLULOSE AND ALL FINISHES

REMOVED ... by Strypit NON-FLAM

THE WORLD'S FINEST PAINT REMOVER

ADCOCKS LTD., WATERLOO ROAD, N.W.2

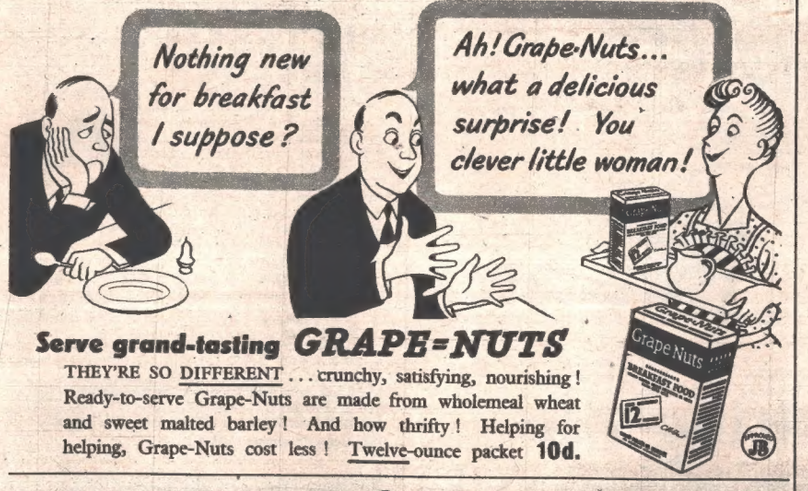
Household accounts are often wearisome, but the burden is lightened when you know that at any time you can have a statement telling you exactly how you stand. This is one of the services you enjoy when you . . .

open an account with the MIDLAND BANK

Ask at any branch of the Midland Bank—there are more than 2,000 of them—for particulars of how to open an account.

Ryvita and Marmalade

FOR BREAKFAST



Serve grand-tasting GRAPE-NUTS

THEY'RE SO DIFFERENT . . . crunchy, satisfying, nourishing! Ready-to-serve Grape-Nuts are made from wholemeal wheat and sweet malted barley! And how thrifty! Helping for helping, Grape-Nuts cost less! Twelve-ounce packet **10d.**

This is the Gin

By Appointment Gin Distillers to H.M. King George VI

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
FEBRUARY 5, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2223

Clear Up the Food Marketing Scandal Now

MORE OF THIS COUNTRY'S food will come, in 1949, from our own farms. Flocks and herds are multiplying with Scriptural vigour. Land which is capable of a good yield—and which formerly might have been allowed to lie idle—is being put under cultivation.

From much of this increasing effort, the people will get full benefit, because it has been organized so that they shall.

Milk, for example. A vast and efficient machine, built up over many years by the work of the Milk Marketing Board, collects and distributes our milk in bulk at controlled prices. Thus, although milk is perishable, very little is wasted. Everyone gets a share. A fair dividend is paid to those who handle the milk, but there is no profiteering.

We all benefit because a clean, sane pipeline has been installed from cow to kitchen and school.

Eggs, too. The Egg Marketing Board not only helps the public by grading and guaranteeing, but it helps the poultry farmers by paying them fixed prices all the year round, even though it loses money when the retail price is low.

These marketing boards are so obviously sensible and necessary that we take their work for granted, forgetting the chaos which existed until long after the first World War.

Why don't we use this same excellent machinery—or something very like it—to improve the distribution and marketing of other foods?

Housewives are always grumbling at the prices of vegetables, which seem to stay obstinately high in spite of stories of gluts in the countryside and of unwanted crops being ploughed back into the ground as unsaleable. They are right to grumble, because the biggest muddle remaining to be cleared up in farming is the scandalous muddle of fruit and vegetable distribution.

It is a muddle which deprives the grower of a fair return for his crops, fleeces the housewife or keeps her family short of fresh food, and enriches only the greedy gang of wholesalers in between—the middlemen who are not content with ordinary profits but organize themselves into price rings to make *extra*ordinary ones.

Simply by refusing to buy, the rings can force down the price to the grower and force up the price to the public. They create shortages in the shops for their own gain.

Only marketing boards with power to co-ordinate production and distribution could break these rings. But there is great delay in setting up some workable system.

The Lucas Committee on agricultural marketing was not told to inquire into wholesale and retail distribution; otherwise its excellent report might have contained a detailed scheme for vegetables and fruit. The Agricultural Marketing Bill, as it stands, only touches the fringe of the problem.

There is a lot of work still to be done and it is high time to act. We do not want another spring and summer to pass without proper distribution of vegetables and fruit.

Last year groups of farmers, complaining that their produce was being wasted because the middlemen either wouldn't buy or forced shop prices up too high, started direct marketing. They brought lorry-loads of vegetables to town and opened stalls which did good business—for a few days.

But that practice, however enterprising, offers no solution of the marketing problem, because farmers will do it only in seasons of abundance. It is also unfair to shopkeepers who serve the public all the year round.

In the long run it is the shops which must be better filled and their prices which must be kept within reason. This can be done *only* if determined action is taken now.

Remember what Lord Lucas said last year: "Unless something is done, we, as a nation, in time will not know what a fresh vegetable is. We shall be consuming them out of tins."

And there's still nothing done.

Don't Let the "Comrades" Fool You

IS THERE A COMMUNIST in your office—a "comrade" in your workshop?

It isn't by any means such an unimportant question as it might have seemed a year ago.

You have been warned that most of the big unions have their Red agitators, whose duty it is to gum up the works and retard Britain's economic recovery.

There may be one standing next to you now. . . .

Let him keep his opinions. He's welcome to them.

Although JOHN BULL agrees with the removal of Reds from Government jobs where they could have access to State secrets and endanger the security of the nation, we want no general "witch-hunt" here. We are not in favour of locking up Reds for their political opinions in time of peace. We don't want to stop them saying what they think—if they are honest enough—because this is a free country.

The danger is not what they may say, but what they may do while concealing their real sympathies.

So judge your man by his actions. If he is really a Red, really making trouble for Moscow's sake, really working to wreck this country and undermine your freedom and security, he won't just indulge in good hearty British grumbling! He'll try to fan every slight discontent into a serious dispute; and always take the line that will stop his fellow-workers pulling their weight.

Don't let him get away with it!

After a good day's work for Britain

—that's when beer is best

Do you want a Holiday Abroad?

THIS FREE BOOK *tells you the facts. Answers all your questions*

Why be content just to *dream* of a wonderful holiday abroad? Why not find out all that Poly Tours do to help you on your way, to keep down the cost, and to make you feel thoroughly at home abroad?

In Poly's 96-page Programme you'll find full details (with precise costs) of more than 600 money-saving holidays—including the finest holiday offer for years—Poly's new Italian Headquarters on Lake Como, the luxurious Hotel Bellevue, Cadenabbia. (10-day tours from £28.2.0 inclusive). Send today and make your dream come true.

Poly Tours

TO OBTAIN THIS BOOK—FREE
Post this advertisement to Poly Tours, 309u Regent Street, London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

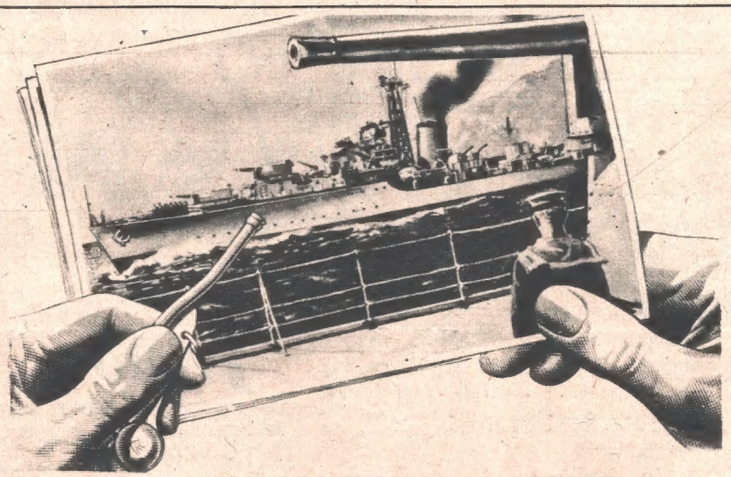
.....

Post in unsealed envelope, using 1d. stamp.

FOR ROAD SAFETY
use the Highway Code
Don't get off the tram until it stops; and then only after seeing traffic behind has stopped.
FOR HOME SAFETY use
John Knight's
Family Health
soap
It guards the whole family's health!
JB

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

KH 143-367



"That's her – isn't she a beauty!

She's a 'Battle' class destroyer and she's the fastest and hardest-hitting Fleet Destroyer in the Navy. I've had a great two years with her — joined her when I was an Able Seaman. Smartest, happiest ship I ever served in. It's the Seamen who do the most towards a ship's reputation, and our lads are the tops — they're keen as mustard. This was taken from the 'Vanguard'; it would be just before I piped the salute on the bo'sun's call I'm now holding."

THE SEAMAN BRANCH has vacancies NOW (Ages 15-16; 17-28).

The **Naval Airman, Stoker Mechanic, Stores** (16-28), **Signalman** and **Sick Berth Attendant** branches and the **Royal Marines** (17-28), will also take new entries. They all offer a happy and interesting life, with good pay and prospects of promotion and fine opportunities for foreign travel.

Write to D.N.R., Dept. B.K.199, ADMIRALTY, LONDON, S.W.1 *for full details of how to join.*

Make the ROYAL NAVY your career

EMERGENCY RESERVES:
Ex-Naval Ratings and Ex-Royal Marines who wish to join should apply to any Ministry of Labour and National Service office.

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
[NCC 700C]

THE FLAVOUR MAKES THEM ASK FOR MORE

Warming and satisfying, creamy and appetising, every spoonful of Scott's has that distinctive Scottish oat flavour that makes the family ask for more.

QUICK-COOKING
Scott's
PORAGE Oats

The family friend

Friendly and comforting in many a minor digestive upset. Bringing double-action relief promptly and pleasantly. A gentle laxative and an effective antacid. Kept at hand in all the best regulated families.

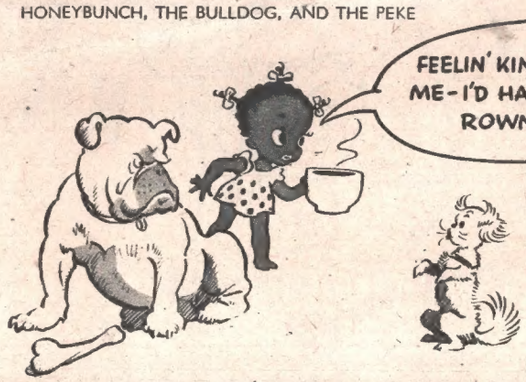
'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK

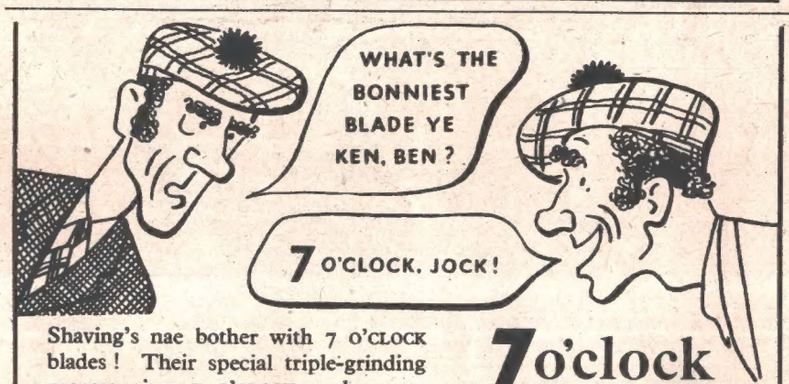
Large size 3/2 — equals 3 small size 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

HONEYBUNCH, THE BULLDOG, AND THE PEKE



ROWNTREE'S COCOA So grateful – so genial – so GOOD



Shaving's nae bother with 7 O'CLOCK blades! Their special triple-grinding process gives 7 O'CLOCK a sharpness that lasts. And they're all the same . . . just as sharp.

Actually **COST LESS** *than* **PRE-WAR!**

7 o'clock BLADES

11D FOR SIX *(incl. tax)*

Growing out of that suit already!

Wonderful the way Hugh's shot up these last two years . . . Come to think of it, that's just about how long he's been taking SevenSeaS! . . . After all, cod liver oil's not medicine, it's food — fats and vitamins. Ought to make him grow!

Is everyone in your *family as fit as they ought to be? Why not give them SevenSeaS and feel about them as Hugh's mother does about him?*

SEVENSEAS PURE COD LIVER OIL

Obtainable from all chemists, oil from 1/6
capsules once more in plentiful supply, from 1/9

Ronuk Polishes

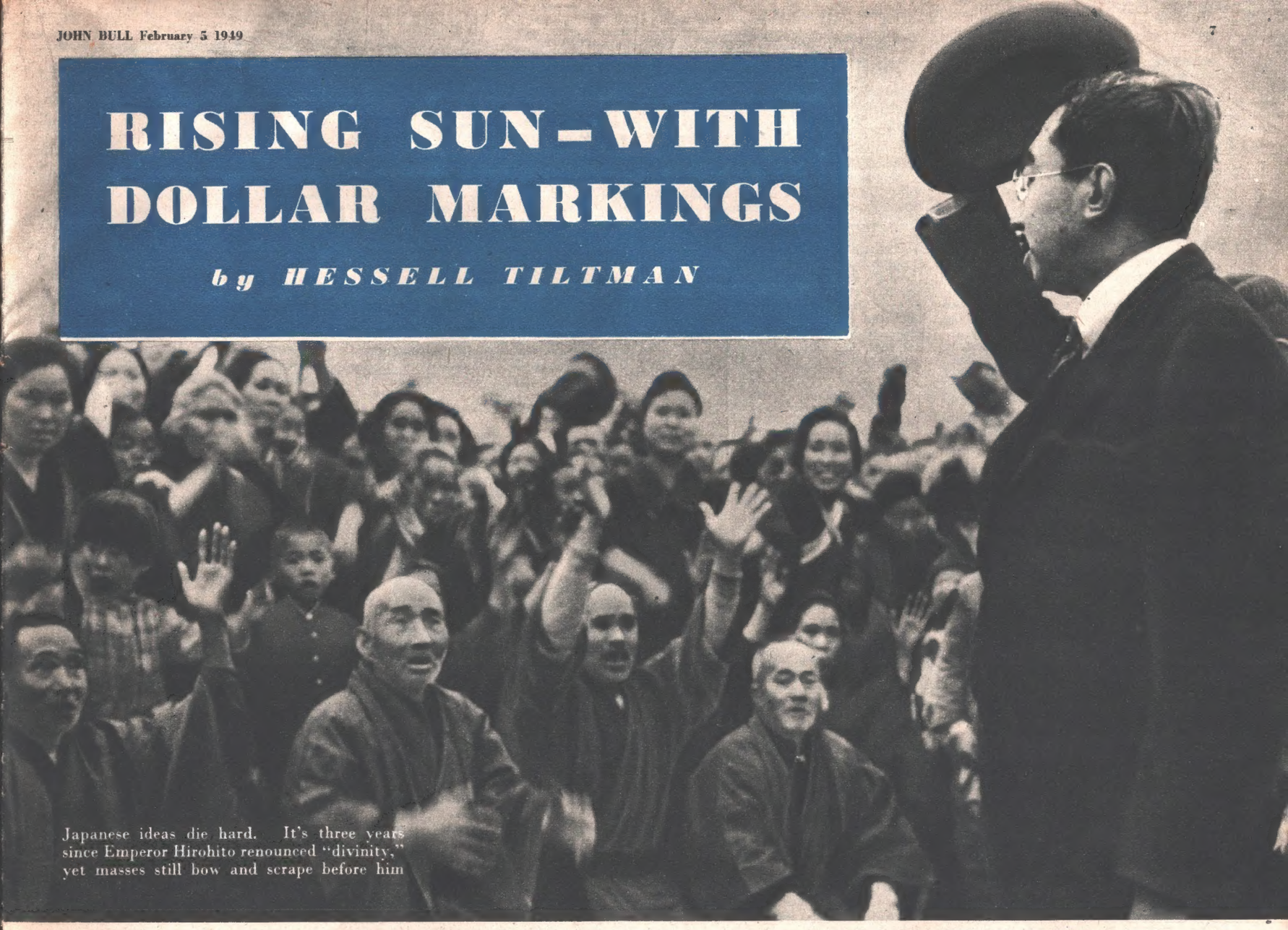
That's how I save 'em

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste

Use a
MACLEANS TOOTHBRUSH 1/4
(Nylon or Bristle)

RISING SUN—WITH DOLLAR MARKINGS

by HESSELL TILTMAN



Japanese ideas die hard. It's three years since Emperor Hirohito renounced "divinity," yet masses still bow and scrape before him

An experienced British observer in Japan gives this warning: Although for the moment the Jap heeds "his MacArthur's Voice," he's got an eye on the main chance

TOKYO.

WATCH JAPAN! Less than four years after suffering total defeat, the Land of the Rising Sun has become the focal point of American strategy in the Orient.

With China torn asunder by Communism and chaos, Japan is the one area of stability in sight in the Far Pacific.

It is the nation that possesses the greatest reservoir of industrial skills in the Orient.

It is a nation of eighty millions of disciplined robots who, despite their nice new American-written Japanese Constitution opening with the magic words, "We, the Japanese people . . ." are still robots.

It is a nation which, although totally disarmed, still has a larger number of war-hardened fighters than had Great Britain under arms on VE-Day—and, what is more, with all their names and addresses on file!

In short, a nation that counts—and will assuredly increasingly count—in the sort of world we are living in today.

Since September, 1945, Japan has been ruled by General Douglas MacArthur, a colourful American soldier who is the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers. He is assisted by Emperor Hirohito (MacArthur's "Charlie McCarthy") and some 200,000 American and British Commonwealth occupation troops and officials.

The original objectives of the Japanese Occupation, as defined by the Supreme Commander himself, were "to destroy a system, to exact a toll for past misdeeds, and to create a nation of people who will for ever live a democratic way of life." But that was before Soviet Russia precipitated a permanent crisis in big-Power relations.

Since then the emphasis of the Occupation has shifted to building up Japan as the "workshop of Asia"—and, incidentally, as a strong, disciplined, dependable anti-Communist outpost off the shores of Asiatic Russia.

Today the average American is not so deeply concerned about whether Japan will ever become a genuine Western-style democracy as about whether the Japanese would line up with the United States if war came.

The answer is yes—if they get the chance.

Anyone in Tokyo questioning this conception of Japan's future rôle would probably be asked: "Where else in Asia are the Americans going to find 80,000,000 allies on whom we can count in any emergency?"

What sort of Japan is it which has thus progressed — in under four years of MacArthur's "perfect Occupation" — from the prostration of total defeat to the position of being virtually an "occupied ally" of the United States?

Under General MacArthur, Japan has been provided with a near-perfect blueprint for the creation of a modern democratic state.

Under General MacArthur, a "model" new democratic Constitution has become law. A democratically elected Diet (fashioned partly on the British Houses of Parliament and partly on the American Congress) is actively functioning. A sweeping land reform has been instituted. Trade unions have been legalized after years of militaristic repression. Ultra-nationalists and militarists have been purged from public offices. An attempt has been begun to cut down the Emperor to the status of a human being.

It would seem that everything, from Japan's educational system to Japan's gaily kimonoed geisha and Japan's busy houses of prostitution, has been democratized—on paper.

Up and down Japan—to the farthest corners of the home islands of the Yamato race—American Military Government teams are doing good and self-

sacrificing work, striving to get these reforms implemented by an often feudalistic and often antagonistic Japanese officialdom.

Further, MacArthur's occupation of Japan has not been marred by policies of revenge, or mean intentions, or exploitation of the conquered. For that fact the world—and the Japanese—may thank Douglas MacArthur, a soldier of idealism and Christian concepts.

This is an impressive score. If it represented the whole score, there would be justification for MacArthur's genuine and sincere belief that the Japanese people have undergone a miraculous mass change of heart, and that what has been accomplished in Japan represents a spiritual revolution without precedent in the history of mankind.

It would justify a statement made by Ambassador George Atcheson, MacArthur's former diplomatic adviser, that "A social revolution is under way in Japan. Every Japanese, even in the remotest farms and villages, is touched by this revolution." It would justify the "wonderful job" statements that have come out of G.H.Q. at Tokyo.

The truth about this "perfect occupation" of Japan is less picturesque.

Militarily, the occupation has been smoothly successful. Politically, it has achieved little, very little, that will endure. Economically, Japan is slowly recovering but still dependent upon America's bounty. Socially, as an instrument for inspiring feudalistic Japanese to love Westerners and their ideas, the occupation has been a total flop.

Japan has been completely disarmed in the material sense—a task in which the British Commonwealth Occupation Force (which originally numbered some 40,000 United Kingdom, Australian, New Zealand and Indian troops and airmen, and "policed" one-eighth of Japan's home islands) took an important part.

The only weapons in Japan's possession today are enough revolvers to equip one in four of its police, farmers' shotguns, and weapons illegally owned by criminals. Japan's leading aircraft designer is today farming, as are tens of thousands of former Japanese Army officers. Without Allied permission and assistance, Japan could not re-create her military machine in our time.

There has, however, been no corresponding mental disarmament. Japanese openly look forward to the day when they will again march to glory behind the flag of the land of the Re-rising Sun.

Next War Rumours

Each successive flare-up of international tension produces fresh whispered rumours inside Japan. Two recent rumours were that the Americans were recruiting former Japanese "Kamikaze" pilots to help fight the Russians, and that the Japanese General Yamashita, hanged in the Philippines for complicity in war atrocities when he was Japanese commander there, is not dead at all but is being kept under wraps by the United States generals ready to help them win when "it" happens.

(I recently overheard my Japanese houseboy—a former army pilot—remark to a friend: "If the chance comes for us to fight again, next time we will do better—and be on the winning side.")

A skilful agitation is being conducted by Japanese official circles to convince the Americans that Japan needs an army. The Japanese "party line" in this matter, which I have listened to many times, runs: "In totally disarming Japan, the Allies made their biggest mistake. Either we must be permitted sufficient armed forces to ensure our national security, or the United States must defend the Japanese homeland indefinitely."

Actually, the signs point to Japan being granted both a measure of rearmament (in the initial form of a "constabulary" to assist the police in maintaining internal order), and continued American protection. The United States Air Force has underlined the American intention to stay in Japan, at least until the international skies clear, by constructing on Japan's main island of Honshu some of the world's largest military airbases, capable of handling the heaviest bombers yet designed.

Political As-you-were?

Politically, Japan has undergone no fundamental change.

There has occurred no revolution, spiritual or otherwise. None will occur, if only because revolution does not fit into the pattern of Japan's future as blueprinted inside Tokyo's Dai Ichi building, MacArthur's G.H.Q.

The trend is to whittle away the freedoms granted in such few of the MacArthur reforms as have been implemented. Thus, General MacArthur, who in 1945 gave to Japanese workers the right to organize trade unions, to bargain collectively and to strike, two years later—scared by a Leftist tendency among Japan's still-exploited labourers—issued his first ukase forbidding strikes by workers in Japanese Government monopolies and frowning even upon workers' demonstrations.

By December, 1948, the Supreme commander virtually completed his mental somersault when, in a letter to Prime Minister Yoshida demanding the prompt economic stabilization of Japan, MacArthur declared that in carrying out the programme to that end as laid down by the American State and Army Departments, "there will be no place for interference by management or labour with the acceleration of production" or for "improvidential political conflicts" or "unobjective labour strife."

In the MacArthurian language this meant no strikes.

Meanwhile, the same Japanese ruling class remains in control, thinking the same thoughts. And the average Japanese still hesitates to blow his nose unless ordered to do so from on high. (It needed a specific directive from General MacArthur's headquarters to get the Japanese authorities to set about repairing Japan's warworn roads!)

Three years after Emperor Hirohito publicly renounced his divinity, proclaiming in effect that the notion he is the 124th divine descendant of the Sun Goddess is bunk, the Japanese masses still worship him.

Imperial Palace officials still address him as *Okami* (Honourable God). On one of the Emperor's tours around Japan a trade union leader asked Hirohito if he might shake his hand on behalf of all Japanese workers. This official was bitterly condemned by a majority of the men of his own union for thus "insulting" the Son of Heaven. When a Japanese Communist procession, parading near Tokyo's Imperial Palace, recently saw an Imperial limousine, containing the Empress, approach, the demonstrators hurriedly furled their red banners and bowed low.

This reverence for the Emperor, deeper and more profound today than at any time in this generation, is the real explanation of the deceptive smoothness of the MacArthur Occupation, during which—in a land where political assassination is the normal—no single shot has marred the tranquillity of Japanese life.

When, in 1941, Hirohito issued an Imperial Rescript declaring war on Britain and the United States, the Japanese energetically set about the task of conquering half the world.

When, in August, 1945, the same Hirohito broadcast to the same Japanese people the surprising information that he had "graciously decided to terminate hostilities" and ordering the Japanese to co-operate with the conquerors, the docile Suzuki-Sans of Japan overnight began co-operating with low bows and broad smiles.

And if, today, Hirohito were to go on the air again and order the Japanese people to butcher all the white men in Japan, American and British blood would be spilt all the way from northern Hokkaido to southern Kyushu within the hour.

MacArthur a God

The blunt fact is that the Occupation has been peaceful because the Allies have been using the same imperial instrument that Tojo and the Japanese Army used to bludgeon the Japanese people into line and keep them there.

The average Japanese has not only continued to worship his Emperor; he has gone one better and deified General MacArthur. The Japanese, wallowing in democratic fervour, have hailed the Supreme Commander from Milwaukee as the reincarnation of Jimmu, first Emperor of Japan; as a ruler who "stands before the defeated nation like the sun coming out of dark clouds and shining on the world"; as an omnipotent figure who has arisen to save the sacred soil of Nippon.

When the *Nippon Times*, English-language Japanese daily, printed an article protesting at this "servile concept" as undemocratic, Major-General Charles A. Willoughby, chief of MacArthur's military intelligence branch, ruled the article derogatory to the Supreme Commander and ordered the whole edition to be burned. Since then no Japanese editor has dared to hint that Douglas MacArthur is not a god.

Japan continues to be a feudal country. This fact should cause no surprise. No one knowing the Far East would for an instant imagine it possible to effect any change in the fundamental thought-processes or habits of an ancient, proud, feudalistic, suspicious Oriental race in three or four years merely by handing out good advice and candy bars.

When I asked Yukio Ozaki—Grand Old Man of Japanese Liberalism, who has sat continuously in Japan's Parliament from the day it was founded more than fifty years ago until now—how long he thought it would take to transform Japan into a democracy, he replied: "If the task is undertaken seriously, which has not happened yet, some result might be discernible in about sixty years."

As things stand, the Japanese are not pro-American or pro-anything except pro-Japanese.

Faith in Themselves

While sitting out the Occupation and "leaving it to MacArthur," and incidentally collecting all the American food and financial aid that is going, they have continued to cherish deep within their hearts—safe alike from the Supreme Commander, democracy, and change—their faith in "Japonism," in the heritage and beliefs of their race.

The most revealing single piece of evidence of Japan's under-surface thought-processes that I have heard in these past three and a half years was the comment of a Japanese editor who told me: "This MacArthur Occupation has been so benevolent that I can assure you that, whatever Japanese government is in power when it ends, those Japanese who have co-operated with General MacArthur will not be placed on trial as quislings and collaborators."

Economically, Japan is living on American handouts. Throughout the MacArthur era, the United States has been supplying Japan with around twenty per cent of its food, free, at a cost to the American taxpayers of around £65,000,000 annually.

More To It Than Dollars

Japanese industrial production had by the end of 1948 been restored to around sixty per cent of the 1930-34 average, but Japan's dollar deficit at last reports was still about £130,000,000 annually. During the present fiscal year ending next July, Japan will receive more than half a billion dollars in direct financial handouts from the United States.

And dollars are not the whole story; the Americans have given the Japanese, free, the services of an immense range of experts; medicines, prefabricated houses, thousands of vehicles, road-building equipment—even seed potatoes.

The total amount of American aid poured into Japan's ready lap during the first three years of the Occupation substantially exceeded the total amount of occupation costs charged during the same period to the Japanese national budget.

This explains why a wisecracking American correspondent at Tokyo asked a colleague the other day: "How much do you think the Japanese would take, cash down, to let us get out of here?"

HESSELL TILTMAN, veteran British correspondent, went to Tokyo in 1935 and later reported the Sino-Japanese war, serving with both the Japanese and Chinese armies. In 1945 he returned to Japan as a correspondent and was assigned to General MacArthur's H.Q. in Tokyo. His job there keeps him in first-hand contact with present developments in Japan under the Allied occupation—the subject of three articles he has written specially for John Bull. Among his many books is *Japan Since the Surrender*, recently published in Tokyo—in the Japanese language

NEXT ARTICLE: What the Japanese really feel about us

Sir Oswald Mosley harangues Dalston, East London, rally. If his 1949 hopes come off, there'll be a Mosley man on every East End council

MOSLEY PLAN ENTERS PHASE TWO

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

The "discussion group" subterfuge is over. Britain's Fascists propose to come out into the open as local election candidates, and then to stand for Parliament

A LETTER WRITTEN BY Sir Oswald Mosley early this year to a Mayfair firm of estate agents represented the beginning of a new phase in the extraordinary story of postwar Fascism in Britain.

It was, on the face of it, a perfectly ordinary business letter, instructing them to offer for sale Mosley's Crowood estate in Wiltshire, a twenty-roomed Georgian residence and five farms (four with possession), the whole comprising 1,304 acres.

To the estate agents, if they had read Mosley's repeated declarations of his love for country life, it may have seemed odd that he should so soon be willing to say goodbye to it.

Even more odd if they had known that he has recently bought a London home in Chapel Street, Belgrave Square.

The selling of Crowood, the move to London, represent the dropping into place of the key pieces in the postwar Fascist jigsaw puzzle.

Phase One of the campaign began in 1944, when Mosley was released from Brixton Jail and, making his home at Crowood, announced that he had no intention of returning to public life, and asked no more of an ungrateful country than to be left alone with his memories.

But the memories were not to be lost to the world. They were assembled in book form; they were reproduced as pamphlets. The work of editing became too heavy for one farmer alone, so help was obtained from a Mr. George Sutton, who happened to have been one of Mosley's chief supporters in the old prewar days of the British Union of Fascists.

As the memories of a lost past were gradually joined by ideas for a still attainable future, the flow of printed material from Crowood to a largely inattentive Britain necessitated the formation of two publishing companies: Mosley Publications and the Sanctuary Press.

He Disowned Them

Not that there was any suggestion that Mosley was forming a new Fascist Party. That was the last thing he wished. He denied any connection with the new leagues and associations which were being formed, and they carried no mention of him on their lists of officials.

Their titles were varied but uniformly patriotic: the Union for British Freedom, the Sons of St. George, the Imperial Defence League, the Federal Socialist Party, the British Protestant League in Scotland, the notorious British League of Ex-Servicemen and Women, which was organized before the end of the war by Victor Burgess and James Taylor, working from a house in Burnham, Bucks, and holding hole-and-corner meetings of a "Council of Nine" in pubs in Kensington, Paddington and Harrow.

Letter to Schoolboys

Meanwhile, Raven Thomson, prewar feature writer for Mosley's paper, *Action*, was organizing book clubs throughout the country. Since farmer Mosley was now a literary gent, it was natural that these clubs should invite him to address them.

From beginnings in the Oxford Corporate Club and the Leeds National Unity Association, the work of propaganda was spread to other universities and to many public schools. Schoolboys received a mimeographed letter extolling the work of the "Union Movement" and beginning "Dear Master." The letter was signed by Jeffrey Hamm.

Though Mosley still insisted that he had no intention of re-entering active politics, the various leagues, associations and clubs left no doubt which leader they wished to follow. The British League of Ex-Servicemen and Women, now strengthened by the appointment of Hamm as director of policy and by undercover funds from the reluctant Leader himself, held meetings that grew more popular every week.

The handful of policemen who supervised the League's early fiascos in Hyde Park grew in the later days of Ridley Road to more than 300 foot police, plus fifty on motor cycles and eighty on horseback, with Special Branch shorthand reporters as well.

Yet the set-up was still baffling. I had attended between forty and fifty meetings and could still not make out exactly where all these diverse organizations were going.

This part of the puzzle was resolved at the Faringdon Hall meeting in November, 1947. With the Jewish 43 Group and the Communists demonstrating outside, the Leader staged the comedy which marked the end of Phase One.

The book clubs, the leagues and the associations had been gathered for a "sales talk." At the end of Mosley's speech, Jeffrey Hamm sprang to his feet and implored the Leader to start leading.

The farce was played out to the end. Mosley had not brought his harp to the party—he would not give a decision on the spot. He would consider whether he could find it in his heart to return to head the cause. The police smuggled him out of the building and he retired to rejoice.

Today the propaganda campaign and the appeals for funds have been stepped up. The various groups have been brought into line, and the introduction of the key-name "Union" in their titles has tied them up with Mosley's new choice of name for the central party: the Union Movement.

His 200,000 Supporters

Mosley now has more than 200,000 active supporters throughout the country. It is a measure of his success that, within four years of the ending of a war to vanquish Fascism in other countries there are already nearly a quarter of a million Britons sworn to set up a Fascist Government here.

Each supporter pays an annual subscription and is expected to make additional monthly contributions in proportion to his means. In all, Mosley has an estimated income of £85,000 a year for the party funds. His own personal fortune is estimated at £250,000.

It is to deploy this force of funds and fanatics that Mosley has moved from Wiltshire to London and opened Phase Two. His immediate object is to contest the local government elections.

Although names and districts may be changed about, present arrangements are that Jeffrey Hamm is to stand for a Paddington ward, Victor Burgess in Hampstead, Raven Thomson in Kensington, Michael Ryan in Brixton, and Alf Lockhart in Lewisham. There will be a candidate for every East End council and several others in North London.

His list of fifty candidates includes most of his more frenzied supporters, such as Robert Pipkin, Duke Pile, George Sutton, Reginald Beasley, Frederick Leach, James Watts, A. J. Gannon and D. P. Leslie-Jones. Though London is the chief target, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham and Bristol are likely to have candidates.

Mosley has already begun organizing "ratepayers' associations." His complete programme will be announced as soon as he can hire a suitable, large meeting-place. Through a nominee he will try to book Caxton Hall, Kingsway Hall or Hamilton Hall, Balham.

Win or lose, the assault at the local elections is to be followed by a campaign to get candidates elected to Parliament at the next general election. For this, Mosley aims at putting up not less than a hundred candidates. He himself proposes to contest Stoke Newington.

Orders on Anti-Semitism

The Mosley New Order, on which the elections are to be fought, will begin with the familiar demand for One Party. Despite the obvious ammunition provided by the Lynskey Tribunal and the trouble in Palestine, Mosley has given orders to play down anti-Semitism. He means to concentrate on these international policy points:

A European Assembly, elected by universal suffrage and secret ballot, in which any European may vote for any other European. Both Spain and *European* Russia would be invited to join in the scheme—though "the Communist leaders of the Oriental tyranny" would not be likely to accept. Asiatic Russia would not be invited, for racial reasons. "Race is the first reality of a European Union."

Colonial development is to be simplified and intensified. "There is nothing left of that great Empire heritage except Africa, where there is room enough, and opportunity enough, to do far more with the Empire than with everything which the Labour and the Tory parties have given away."

The Germans would be offered their colonies back so that they might join us in "a great co-operative effort which will bring back wealth to them and to us."

With this jumble of ideas, Mosley hopes to gain the popular ear. He sees himself as the Strong Man answering the people's demand for "somebody to do something."

Mosley believes he can do it.

Shelks was so surprised that he straightened up and the fly paper on the ceiling got stuck to his bald head

The

TOMATOES HAVE BEEN GROWN in a small way in Sws Valley for many years. A few plants against the warm south wall of a house, or in some sheltered spot in one of the allotments by the railway. Grown for home consumption only and always something of a novelty.

They were not greatly loved in the village, for after a hard day's work none of the men are overfond of the coldness of salads.

Indeed, as Shelks the Stores says, there is nothing but pip and water and colour in a tomato; though, as it has been pointed out to him, Shelks charges quite sufficient for these simple ingredients.

But it was when Mrs. Pugh's husband died suddenly after a night of pain and vomit that tomatoes became the talk of Sws village. Almost before her husband had been buried in the snow-covered churchyard Mrs. Pugh had come down the path smacking her hands together. Shelks had been one of the bearers and had thought that the wife of his deceased old friend must be feeling the cold.

"Your hands, are they cold, Mrs. Pugh?"

She clapped her hands louder then, as if she was at some enjoyable concert in the Village Hall.

"Cold, Shelks? No indeed, it is for joy that I am banging my hands together."

SHELKS looked at her queerly, wondering how it could be that once this woman had been the beauty of the village. Shapely and black-haired she had been then, and even Shelks had tried for her himself, though it was his friend, Pugh, who had won her.

That had been due to the fact that he collected for the Insurance, though it had not been a success, for Pugh had collected too many premiums for too few receipts and had lost his job. After that he became a handyman in the village, repairing lavatories or a leaking roof and seeming to be always a little overwhelmed by his past misdeed and the luck that had come to him in marriage.

Mrs. Pugh had been a help and a support, taking in washing and generally making sixpence go the distance of a shilling.

And looking at her now, Shelks the Stores wondered at the plainness of her face and the shapelessness of her body. He was surprised, too, at her talk of joy.

"Joy, Mrs. Pugh, at this time of the burial of poor Ifan?"

She stopped clapping then and rubbed her two hard hands together, the rough skin rasping like sandpaper.

"Yes, Shelks, now I can start with my ambition. That is to grow tomatoes."

"Tomatoes? They of all things? Why, I can get a regular supply each week, firm and very juicy."

She shook her head and a loose wisp of hair blew out grey in the cold March wind.

"No, I want to grow them myself. I want to watch the green turn yellow and the yellow red. Ifan would never touch a tomato and if he has gone to hell then that place must be indeed a hothouse of tomatoes."

Shelks raised his black bowler hat.

"He was a good man. Good afternoon, Mrs. Pugh."

Mrs. Pugh brought home her first

tomato plant

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

Forty years ago when she had been the village beauty, Shelks the Stores had been after her himself until Pugh had won her. Now old Pugh was dead

tomato plant from market town, carrying it on her knee in the bus and holding it as precious as if it were some prize geranium. It so happened that she sat next to a man who had the hiccups.

This itself is not unusual on the market bus, for the fish and chip saloon seems to sell a great deal of air in every one-and-six fish dinner.

But Mrs. Pugh resented this affliction and asked the man to stand in the back part of the bus with the smokers. He was rather aggressive, and asked:

"Why? I have paid my fare and I am entitled."

"But not to belch fumes on this plant which I have. This is rare."

The man put out a hand to touch the plant.

"Rare? Looks like a weakling tomato, and half shrivelled at that."

This man was a stranger to Sws and come to work on one of the farms. He should have sensed the danger when Mrs. Pugh carefully placed the plant on the floor of the bus and took down her umbrella from the rack above.

The crook caught him expertly around the neck as if he had been a sheep and Mrs. Pugh a good shepherd.

The conductor eventually separated them and Mrs. Pugh finally arrived at home with no damage done to the plant except a leaf half torn away, the stalk broken and the sap wet.

She repaired it with sticking plaster and made a kind of cross to support the plant until it should become hardy and strong.

People were puzzled by this desire of Mrs. Pugh's to grow tomatoes. Some thought that she was only doing this to take her mind off the loss of her husband. Others thought that she was doing it just for the opposite reason, that now she was free to do that which she had been unable to do all the years.

For a little talk came out now how their home had not been so sweet as appearances would have people believe. She never tended his grave and at the time of the Church Bazaar she gave a home-made walking-stick to be sold. And she whispered to Shelks the Stores who came to collect it, whispered to him that Ifan had once used it across her shoulders.

But Shelks would not be drawn into gossip and only raised his hat and said "Good morning."

It was in the summer that Mrs. Pugh came to the Stores. A hot day in August and Shelks was standing on a high stool fixing up a new fly-catcher paper to one of the unused bacon hooks. He was perched up there and hitting out sometimes with a free hand at three wasps which buzzed around his bald, white head.

Mrs. Pugh spoke up to him.

"Mr. Shelks, what heat and sweat there is today."

"Indeed true. And what with wasps and flies and commercial travellers, my life is torment, Mrs. Pugh. Maggots in the bacon and I cannot weigh out the margarine, for it is running like quicksilver."

"Hot, Mr. Shelks, and that is why I have come to see you."

Shelks reached up higher on his toes to tie a loop of the string.

"Oh, indeed? But I cannot control the thermometer of the Almighty, Mrs. Pugh."

"I would not ask you to do that, seeing as you are only a grocer."

"Store-keeper, Mrs. Pugh, a store-keeper. Not a grocer, please, for I regard myself as a universal provider."

"That is just why I have come to see you. I want you to order me a glasshouse."

Shelks peered down from his height.

"A glasshouse; what use have you for a glasshouse? You are no gardener."

"'Tis that I want a glasshouse for my tomato plants. I will have many and want to catch the heat of the sun and have heat in the winter."

Shelks was so surprised that he straightened almost to attention on his stool. A daring thing to do at that height and with wasps and sticky paper so very near. And as if possessed and alive this latter thing slipped the knot of its string and draped itself like a ribbon across Shelks's bald head.

MRS. PUGH watched fascinated as Shelks, as dainty as if he were lifting a delicate cup of tea, tried to raise this thing from his head by its two ends. But fly paper is very sticky and it appears that there remain a few white thin hairs on the apparently bald head of Shelks. These clung to the flypaper, and Mrs. Pugh, watching the agony on his face, spoke again.

"A nice glasshouse, please, Mr Shelks."

The storekeeper shook his fist at her

"All right, woman, a whole rebuilt Crystal Palace will I order for you. Hold the stool while I come off this platform and get to my bathroom."

He came down quickly, the three wasps following. The last Mrs. Pugh saw of him that day was the way he tried to hold the sticky ends of the paper off his ears and at the same time try to open the door to the back premises.

Shelks ordered a glasshouse for Mrs. Pugh, and that autumn it arrived by rail with a whole handbook of instructions on how to erect it.

Indeed, as Shelks said, the book was like some short novel or a puzzle and would make fine entertainment for the winter evenings.

But Mrs. Pugh wanted the glasshouse erected immediately. She said that Shelks had had this contract as a universal provider and he must see the thing through.

He is expert at judging a pound of sugar and can slice bacon by hand as quick and as thin as any machine. But it comes to most men only once in a lifetime to erect a ready-made greenhouse. Doubtless if Shelks has to erect another such affair he will make an excellent job of it.

This first attempt was something of a shambles. The first time he erected it loosely, as a kind of try-out. And it was only by discovering the queer way that the windows opened that he found that he had put up the whole thing inside out. He tried again but the one side seemed to be three inches longer than the other. He sawed off the offending portion and then the thing fitted together quite well.

Eventually he got the framework of the glasshouse fixed with the use of an extra pound of nails in addition to the screws sent along by the makers. Even then the woodwork trembled and leaned from side to side at a touch, but Shelks decided that the glass would help to give it solidarity.

Glazing is an art and Shelks had only a vague notion of the use of putty. But after a little experiment and three cuts on his thumb he managed quite well to fix in the glass.

It was only when he had quite finished the job that he fetched Mrs. Pugh. She came out into her little back garden, her hands held high in amazement; though Shelks had seen her several times peeping through the back kitchen window.

"Oh, you are clever, Mr. Shelks, indeed a universal provider. What a handsome husband you would have made had you only taken the plunge."

"Others have drowned, Mrs. Pugh; a bachelor like me is fond of the dry banks. But how smart your greenhouse looks now that I have put it up for you. You will be able to grow tomatoes to perfection in here. Step in and inspect the interior."

He opened the door, although it was rather tight and he had to push it with his knee.

Mrs. Pugh went inside and Shelks went in after her. A sudden draught came then, the wind that blows down through the valley and out to the English Plain.

The door of the greenhouse closed again, sharply.

EVEN as Mrs. Pugh was continuing to admire the view through the glass panes Shelks was struggling with the door. Perhaps it was the wind which had creaked the shape of the greenhouse a little, or perhaps it was the three inches which Shelks had cut away.

The door would not open and quite suddenly, as Shelks pulled, the whole handle came away with a snap of metal. He turned round to Mrs. Pugh.

"See, the door has jammed and we cannot get out. We are prisoners."

He half expected sudden anger. But she only smiled and wriggled her bosom inside her large rustling black dress.

"Dear, dear, Mr. Shelks, I never guessed that you had it in you."

"Had what in me?"

"Why this, this getting us into such a naughty position."

Shelks suddenly understood, and the times long ago when he had tried to take her home from socials and concerts came back to him.

Forty years ago she had worn earrings and had been haughty and had called him her second fiddle. It was only when Ifan Pugh was not around that he had been allowed to take her home. Even then she had only let him hold the very point of her elbow as they walked the dark country roads. And now this, the two of them fastened inside here.

A desperation came to Shelks. He had been happy in his years of freedom and had built up prosperity for his business and knew the arts of cooking and the joys of being able to lie in late on a Sunday morning and go to bed at whatever hour he pleased.

Years ago it would have been different. This woman had then held all desire and had been the peach of the village. But Shelks knew now that he was only a convenience, someone who would be an earner of money and a sort of companion. And he knew, too, that marrying this widow at her age could mean no understanding or freedom or patience.

Now she was coming towards him, talking gently as if to herself. "Never did I suspect, Mr. Shelks, that you were such an artful one. You are naughty, aren't you?"

He started to back away, waving the broken door knob as a sort of protection.

"No, no indeed, Mrs. Pugh. No indeed, Dilys; it is only that the glasshouse is poorly made. Just an accident."

But all the time she was slowly coming towards him, and he was backing away until he was tight against the one wall.

He kept repeating: "Just an accident, Dilys, just an accident, that is all. Let me get to the window and soon this place will be opened up and I can climb out and free us both."

"Now, now—" and as if he was some small boy she reached up and patted the top of his head, "—now do not be sly and coy. What a joke! I meant to capture you and now you've gone and cornered me like this. But don't worry, I shan't run away."

"'Tis an accident, woman, just that the door has jammed."

"Never worry, we can sell the cottage and the greenhouse, for I hear that your little place is warm and snug and cosy over the shop. We'll be so happy."

ONCE again she reached out and Shelks knew that she was going to embrace him. A great despair came to him and a dreadful picture in his mind of this woman sitting opposite him in the winter's evenings by the hearth for the rest of his life.

He jumped then to the one side, wildly and with no definite intention except that perhaps he might reach the window and escape from this dreadful, persistent woman. Shelks moved quickly, for he is used to dodging around the sides of the counter and getting things quickly from the warehouse for impatient customers.

He reached the window of the glasshouse and pushed it with one hand, a fear in his mind that perhaps this had jammed, too. But it opened quite easily and he started to scramble through. From behind he could hear the hard, fast breathing of Mrs. Pugh. And once he heard her whisper: "Come back, dear; don't be frightened."

But that seemed to drive him on more,

and he gave a great wriggle. The glasshouse, as Shelks should have known, was not built very securely and could hardly be expected to stand such strain.

With much splintering of wood and tinkling of glass the whole thing suddenly collapsed. And the door must have opened of its own accord, for, as the building fell, Shelks had a vision of Mrs. Pugh's worried face right before him.

He tried to go back to avoid being caught but the whole frame of the window came loose. He got out into the open at last with the thing jammed tightly around his shoulders.

He stood there among the stunted cabbages, knowing that Mrs. Pugh had gone into her cottage and hoping that the loss of her greenhouse had filled her with despair. But he heard the back door opening and saw that she was coming out of the house with a saw.

"Let me loose you, my poor darling. Let me saw away that dreadful obstruction and then I can nurse you and get rid of your fright."

Shelks the Stores had had enough. He cleared the small white fence dividing the garden from the railway and ran at top speed along the line to the station. A train had just come in there and people watched with wonder as Shelks came on to the platform, moving at a tremendous speed with the window frame around his chest.

Some called out to him in fun, others to encourage him.

The old Rector from the next parish, leaning out of a first-class, explained that probably it was a man escaped from the stocks. The Rector is very much like that, his mind all of a yesterday.

The last they all saw of Shelks was the same fast way in which he jumped the wooden wicket of the station and ran out into the village.

They say that Mrs. Pugh has let her tomato plant die, for it has indeed failed in its purpose.

Indeed, she is the only woman in the village whom Shelks refuses to serve in his shop. And now she has started to tend her late husband's grave, planting there night-scented stock and nasturtiums and lupins.

Shelks is a little happier now that she has started to do that, for he had feared that she might climb up to his room one night or waylay him on a dark evening in some lonely place.

But now that her interest has gone to the old one again he feels safer. For, although he knows not a great deal of the ways of women, he understands that they must be having, or giving, some attention.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Impossible!

NAPOLEON was fond of saying: "The word 'impossible' is not in my dictionary." I was reminded of this when discussing with a friend the best way of combining some rather vague plans into a workable whole.

He suggested a way that took me aback. "I shouldn't have thought that was possible," I said.

"In my organization," he replied, "we have been trained to attempt the impossible all the time, and we have found that the 'impossible' isn't really as difficult as people think. It's often easier than a more ordinary idea. Its very novelty tends to ensure its success."

He's right, you know. To quote a philosopher, "Nothing is impossible to industry." Mark that word "industry"!

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Who'd want to be a chorus girl?

It's a short life and—offstage—far from gay

by JOHN K. NEWNHAM

ANNUAL BOOM TIME for chorines is nearly ended. A few more weeks and the hunt for jobs will be on again: the queues at agents' offices, the crowds at auditions, the rapidly emptying purses.

Every year, with the end of the pantomime season, the young ladies of the chorus face a long stretch of unemployment until the summer concert season begins to take up some of the slack. They get low wages when they work; and they cannot count on working regularly. They are glamour girls to the audiences out front; but to themselves they are cinderellas.

It is in the pantomime tradition that their own particular fairy prince should be a woman. She is Honor Blair, the chorus girls' spokesman and champion; the first chorine to become a vice-president of Equity, the theatre world's trade union.

"Conditions," says Honor, "are bad—very bad. The money is poor, the hours are long, and the girls face genuine hardships."

Honor speaks from experience. She made her stage début in pantomime at the age of thirteen, when she was training as a ballet dancer. She graduated to dancing in London shows and on tour. In London, things were bad; in the provinces they were a lot worse.

Dancing in shows around the country, Honor earned £2 5s. a week. Out of that she had to pay for digs and meals, hair-dos and her off-stage clothing. "I thought it was wonderful to be on the stage at all; but I still found it grim."

Smiles may mask worry about the pay packet, insecurity, dreary digs

Too Old at Thirty

The outlook for the future was no less grim and, despite Honor's constant championing of the chorus girls' cause, a dancer's life remains both short and far from gay.

Minimum age for joining the chorus is sixteen. Most girls range from eighteen to the late twenties. After thirty they have reached the end of their blind alley.

In the West End, the minimum salary is £5 a week, though most good dancers can get £7. In the provinces, £4 a week is usual. The West Enders come mostly from the solid middle classes; the provincials from a little lower down the social scale.

Few of the girls, even if working in London, live at home. The journey out to the suburbs is too tiring after a long day and a late-finishing show. Most have no financial help from home and must live on their salaries. Extra engagements to boost the income may not be taken without permission from the management, and there is rarely time for additional work, anyway.

The London chorine can usually get by on her salary. Her sister in the provinces finds the problem of existence much more acute. She has to pay at least three guineas a week for all-in digs, or 30s. for a combined room, with food extra.

Equity compiles a lodging list, but digs are not easy to find during the pantomime season or at summer seaside engagements.

Compared with a girl working in an office or factory, the chorine puts in long hours. During rehearsals, she can be called for nine and a half hours a day at £3 a week, plus 2s. an hour for overtime. During the first two weeks of rehearsals she will normally work from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m.; for the next two weeks she will be in the theatre up till 10 p.m. and dress rehearsals may go on until three or four in the morning.

When the show is running, there will be one full rehearsal call each week and two matinée performances. Rehearsal calls are usually in the afternoon; but the girls have little time to themselves in the mornings.

"Today's chorus girl," says Honor, "is more ambitious than her predecessor. If she wants to get on, she has to study. Most of the girls go to classes every morning, for singing and dancing. We're hoping that one day we shall persuade producers of musical shows to have their own schools."

High Kicks Are Out

The modern chorus girl has to be a better dancer than the girls of a few years ago. Straight lines, high kicks and military precision are out. Chorus work has become something more than a mechanical endurance test and each girl must be an individualist who can take her place in an intricately arranged dance which verges on ballet.

Physically, she has more need of a piquant, unusual face than of a good figure. It helps if she is around 5 ft. 4 in. tall and a brunette. And, though the exhausting, regimented dance routines have fallen out of favour, the work still calls for a great deal of stamina. There are no extra rations for chorus girls, and crack-ups and minor ailments are more common than they used to be.

Since Honor Blair began to devote all her spare time from her work as a ballet mistress to pushing the claims of the chorus, she has had one notable victory in obtaining the return-home guarantee. Before the war, many a chorus girl found herself stranded in the provinces, or even abroad, when the management went broke in the middle of a tour.

Now, every producer taking a show on the road has to deposit with the London or Provincial Theatre Councils enough money to cover two weeks' wages for the whole cast. The agreement has cleared many undesirable managers out of show business.

Salaries have improved. Before 1943 they were £4 a week in London and £3 10s. in the provinces. But they still do not provide much leeway for saving—certainly not enough to cover such seasonal spells of unemployment as the one which faces the girls now.

Something more needs to be done about it; and it is Honor who intends to see that it is done.

THIS SUNSET GLOWS AT MIDNIGHT

by ROLAND WILD

They were rip-roaring days when the gamblers came to Hollywood's famous three-mile strip; palmy days when the film stars came. Latest visitor: the tax collector

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

THIS IS "THE STRIP," the Fabulous Three Miles, the boulevard that opens at midnight. But it ain't what it used to be, and there is the sound of moaning at the bars.

For a new sign has appeared, not in the heavens, but outside the stucco, timber, plaster and chromium chateaux of shi-shi where the stars look down on the lights of Los Angeles.

The sign reads: "No cover charge."

It is a little disturbing on this cement highway where one-dollar notes were hardly considered currency of practical use, and where the bills for food, liquor, dancing and a ring-side seat at a battle of film stars were as astronomical as the customers. The sign may not be here to stay, but it has a prominent place all the way from Laurel Canyon to the boundary of Beverly Hills.

They call it the rue de la Poor today.

This may be only the customary exaggeration of the American. The tears in the eyes of the barman who told me may have been false. But the Sunset Strip is certainly no longer full of millionaires.

Californian Piccadilly

What was it about this stretch of highway to the coast that gave it more restaurants than in the square mile of Piccadilly? The name comes from a typical geographical and administrative freak of the fastest-growing city in the world.

Los Angeles City was almost as large as Los Angeles county. From the neighbouring administration of Beverly Hills, a narrow ridge of high land ran towards the big city, and formed a demarcation between Beverly Hills and County land.

Nobody claimed this ridge, and it fell into the administration of Los Angeles. Twenty years ago that city took a lenient view towards gamblers, who grew to like the friendliness of the city police. They also liked the high land overlooking the growing city. They made gambling clubs on the road that led out to Santa Monica, and were safe on this narrow strip of land.

For some time they were busiest in a converted stonemason's yard at the western end. Somebody put in a bar for the relief of the worried, and a man named Slim Gordon served food. It was the beginning of the world's greatest night club area.

There came other gambling joints, and they all enjoyed the tolerance of the police. The bars improved, and the decorations became more expensive. A music hall singer took over the converted stone yard — Betty Rowlands, the "Original Ball of Fire."

Londoner at the Door

The gamblers moved out, frightened by people who came there just to eat and drink.

Then David Kleckner arrived from New York's Blue Room, and the Sunset Strip—no longer a gambling area—was the home of the plushiest of after-midnight night clubs. Today, the old stone yard is Sherry's night club and restaurant, and behind the door stands a Londoner from Whitechapel, Barney Ruditsky, formerly lieutenant of the New York Police gangster squad.

"I guess they just found that food and drink and dancing was a better bet than gambling," Barney said. "How many restaurants are there on the Strip today? I wouldn't know. But it's a long time since this building and the Clover Club and the Trocadero were mostly famous for the high stakes. It was the chief relaxation of the movie crowd twenty years ago. Today, maybe they could only play with what's left after the tax collector takes *his* cover charge. . . ."

Sunset Boulevard is a wide, six-lane highway that swerves gently past every temptation in the world. There are thirty-odd restaurants or night clubs that could be classified as de luxe, or one for every two hundred yards.

In between there are drive-ins where you sit in your car for coffee or a full-course dinner, the white offices of movie agents, dress shops and pet shops, the Hollywood Mortuary of the famed Mr. Utter McKinley ("burials as low as sixty bucks"), and the offices of fan magazines.

The only enterprise not to be found on the Strip is a movie.

French Food, Balkan Plumbing

Preface to the Strip, from the Los Angeles end, is the Gourmet, a French restaurant with paved courtyard and old-fashioned fountain, where waiters serve vermouth cassis to customers sitting out in the sun. The Café de Paris is more typically French, the plumbing being apparently imported from the Balkans and the tablecloths chequered red and white.

Madman Muntz, who claims to give away cars, has invaded the Strip, showing an immense photograph of himself wearing a Napoleonic hat, and offering television sets at what must be a suicidal loss. Then there is a little luncheon place called "Tabu of Hollywood," near the strange hotel called the Garden of Allah, where the manager is a former director of the Casino at Monte Carlo.

Not yet are we on the Strip proper, for Schwabs drug store, where the stars buy their aspirin, is reputed to be the starting point of this fantastic avenue. There's the Chuck Wagon Roundup Club, and then the Players' Restaurant, an elaborate edifice where many stars eat lunch or dinner under bright umbrellas.

Opposite, the Marquis offers the same umbrellas on a patio. Outside each, the busy car-park attendant waits to snatch the driving wheel away, take the Cadillac to the parking lot, and return it with a white paper cloth over the steering wheel lest his hands besmirch its beauty.

Snow for the Customers

There's Sullivan's Inn, and the Tokyo, and a drive-in for the restless eaters of America called "Dolores." There's Greenwich Village, and Bublichki, a tiny Russian set-up where Alex Danaroff, of Kharkoff, invites you to drink his speciality, a mixture of coffee liqueur and vodka followed by cherry brandy from Denmark.

If the customers want Russia, they're going to get it, so Moujik Danaroff gives them something like real snow on the roofs. At the time I visited the Moujik he was muttering darkly. "That damn snow," he said. "It's too hot to put snow *in* the joint."

There's an "Angels Corner Liquor Store," offering all the Scotch in the world, and the Little Gypsy Cafe, and the Norma Talmadge Building, a tribute to a star who put her money into real estate. There's the Villa Nova for Italian food, and then Sherry's with its prints of the Cheshire Cheese in London and the Café de la Paix, and no memory at all of its rip-roaring past as a gambling den.

There's "A Bit of Sweden" and "Scandia," both giving Scandinavian menus, both awash with faces you have seen before from your cinema seats. There's Ciro's, where Gracie Fields sang, and Leon and Freddie's, and the Friars' Club, and the Tail of the Cock, and Charochka and the Chanteclair.

There's the Mocambo and its champagne room, where it is said that all Hollywood's matings are re-arranged. There's the Trocadero and La Rue, the most expensive of them all, and the slick, olde-world bay windows of a score of agents, music teachers, dance instructors. Here, you can make a million in a month, and lose it in three days. So they say.

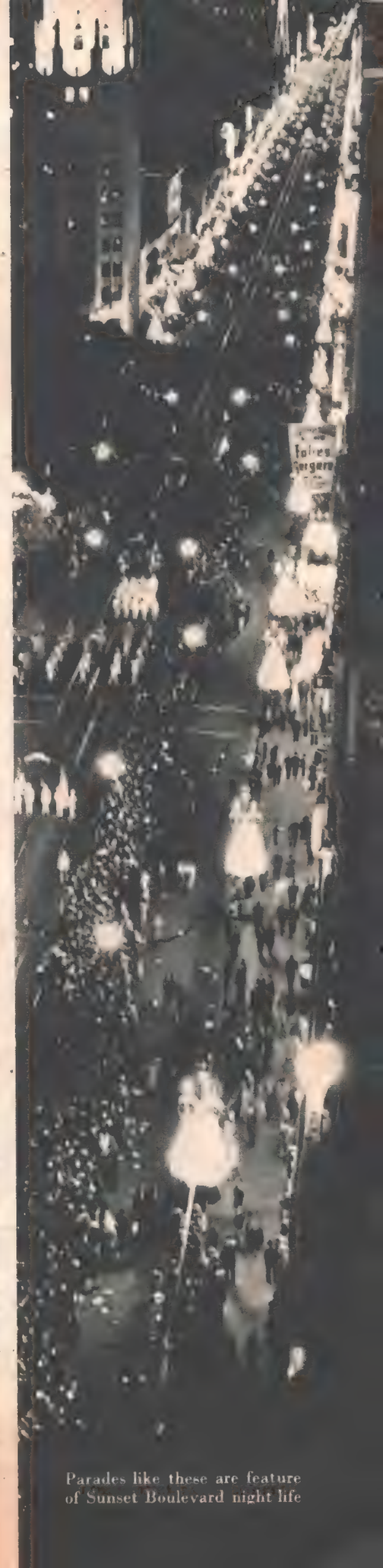
Bit of Olde England

The end of the Strip dies dramatically, with the offices of *Life* magazine and the Cock 'n Bull restaurant and bar. Now, there may be inns in Britain which are as English as the Cock 'n Bull. They may have tankards as heavy, and there may be panelling as solid as these walls. The English go to the "Cock" knowing perhaps that England is not as lavish as this any more, but hoping it is.

The Cockney barman has the same repartee imported from the Strand, and for a moment you really can forget you are on the Strip, and think of those country inns where the fire was always bright and the roast beef was plentiful. They have made every effort to be English at the "Cock." They even have a draught.

That's the end of the Strip, with all the make-believe and the showmanship ending with a turn in the boulevard and a sign that says: "Ye Olde Bridle Path to Beverly Hills and the Sea." Nowhere else in the world is the customer so universally right.

Especially today, when he is dragged in from Sunset Boulevard with the promise of the highest-paid floor show artists in the world, and a free glance at Hollywood's stars while he eats. And the most surprising enticement of all to this gilded and garrulous stamping ground of the playboys—the notice which reads "No Cover Charge."



Parades like these are feature of Sunset Boulevard night life

HOUSEWIFE'S MALA

CAUSES	Overwork, skimped meals, worry about housing and domestic problems, and no proper time off
RESULTS	Anything from feeling "just tired and fed up" to definite maladies such as anaemia and rheumatism
CURES	Resting, a better shareout of work in the home, and no putting off that visit to the family doctor

THE ORDINARY HOUSEWIFE is a remarkable person—yet there is an extraordinary lack of information about her, particularly medical information. She gets plenty of attention, of course. On all public occasions someone pays tribute to her hard work and her importance in the scheme of things. Posters everywhere ask her to save electricity, use less fuel, take a part-time job, and keep death off the roads.

The recent Tribunal acquired a new look when interest centred on a suburban housewife, Mrs. Belcher. The Olympic Games were all the better for the outstanding achievements of a Dutch housewife, Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen.

More than half the advertisements in periodicals and newspapers are directed at housewives. Housewives spend more than half of the country's income, control the demand for consumer goods, and have the largest responsibility for the next generation and the future of the country.

Yet only recently have we seen a few studies filling in some of the gaps in our real knowledge of the housewife.

Some general points show the differences between the kind of sickness experienced by men and by women, in the first place regardless of whether the women are married housewives or single career-women. The last survey of 6,000 people by the Ministry of Health showed that minor illnesses affected women more often than men—this applied particularly to colds and influenza and mild cases of bronchitis.

Three women were attacked by rheumatism for every two men. And while skin complaints were commoner in men, disorders of the heart and arteries were three times as common among women as among men.

Yet, despite twenty-five per cent more minor illnesses, women did not take to their beds nearly as often or for nearly as long as men. This checks with the experience of every family doctor. Women stand up to minor and major illnesses better than men. Women make less fuss about it and it is always easier to convince a man that he ought to have a few days in bed.

This sturdy refusal to take illness seriously is good in one sense. If father is sick for a few days, that is a minor nuisance. If mother has a week in bed, that is a domestic catastrophe.

It is not good in another sense. There are many diseases which can be treated successfully in the early stages. Women are more prone than men to see a doctor only at a late stage when treatment is difficult, takes longer, and may be less successful. This applies particularly to the married woman with a family—to the typical housewife.

She is too busy looking after her home, her husband and her children to bother about her own illnesses.

No Trade Union for Her

A different kind of survey by two women doctors in Birmingham gets nearer to the problem of the housewife. Every occupation carries its own special risks. Miners' nystagmus or silicosis, bakers' dermatitis, mule-spinners' cancer, and a score of other diseases are especially associated with the kind of work a man does.

For most women marriage is a full-time job, but it differs from ordinary work in several ways. It never has had a trade union organization. It carries no great risk of unemployment and does not demand adherence to a rigid time-schedule. The hours are impossible and wages usually non-existent. Yet it remains the one occupation above all others that most women seek.

The two Birmingham doctors have considered marriage as a special form of full-time activity, and they find that generally speaking marriage is a healthy occupation.

Only two diseases cause a higher death rate among married than among single women — diabetes and cancer of the womb. Over the age of forty-five married women have a much higher death rate than single women from diabetes. At all ages there are more deaths from cancer of the womb in married than in single women.

On these two counts there is something to be said for single blessedness. Balance against them all the other causes of death, and the scale tips heavily the other way and comes down in favour of marriage.

Many more single women than married women commit suicide. Many more single women than married women die of cancer of the breast, and the same applies to such different conditions as tuberculosis, pernicious anaemia, and gastric ulcer.

The increased risk of cancer of the womb in married women may have something to do with child-bearing. The higher incidence of diabetes is at present inexplicable. Both differences are significant but hardly count as real occupational diseases.

Fingers Go "Dead"

There is, however, a true occupational disease of the housewife. It starts with numbness, tingling, and a feeling of "uselessness" in the hands and fingers. It goes on to increasing pains, often called "neuritis," and real disability.

All sorts of medicines are tried and none of them seems to have any effect.

After many months these cases are referred to a specialist. One famous neurologist saw so many of them that he studied the whole problem and worked out the simplest answer. All these patients were housewives and they were all in two clearly defined groups.

One kind of patient was the middle-aged or elderly woman unaccustomed to full housework. During the war and ever since she had to undertake the entire work of her home with no help. The maids she used to have no longer existed and the "daily help" only arrived once a week and was not very much help. In apparently good health but with soft muscles and no real fitness for heavy manual work, women of this kind had to start scrubbing, cleaning, carrying coal-buckets, preparing meals, shopping, and standing in queues.

In the second group were younger women who were doing too much—running a home and children, with all that that implies, and at the same time doing a part-time or even a whole-time job of some kind.

Young or old, the symptoms were the same, and so was the cure. Complete rest in bed made all the symptoms disappear like magic.

These symptoms are mechanical in origin. All the nerves to the arm come out of the spinal cord and move out under the shoulder girdle and over the first rib at the point where the collarbone and the shoulder-blade meet. Normal muscles keep these bones in a normal position. Too-tired muscles, fatigued by housework and dragged down by heavy shopping baskets, allow the bony parts of the shoulders to press on the nerves.

Hence the "neuritis" with its pain, hence tingling in the fingers, and the feeling of clumsiness and "uselessness" in the hands.

This one problem is now well known. "Housewife's neuritis" is quickly recognized and quickly cured. There are other problems which were surveyed recently by another woman doctor, this time at Brighton.

The £5-a-week Women

A hospital almoner, Mrs. K. M. Kershaw, helped the doctor to find sixty-one "healthy" housewives. They were attending hospital but not for the treatment of any major disease. Many of them had minor injuries which required dressing, or something similar, not affecting their general health but making it necessary for them to leave their houses long enough to attend the out-patients department.

Their ages ranged from twenty-six to sixty-four and they were all running their homes on a total income of something like £5 a week. Ten of them were worried about difficult or quarrelsome husbands. All the rest were happily married.

Thirteen of them had housing difficulties—houses which were too small for a large family or which had to be shared with another family.

Only four were doing regular part-time work. All the others were fully occupied with their homes and children. Only one had regular help with her housework, but two of them had the shopping done by a neighbour—at a cost of 2s. 6d. an hour, which is not too neighbourly a rate.

There were lots of children ranging from one in the smallest family to thirteen in the biggest. Children, they all said, were not much help in the house, rather the reverse.

Against this background sleeping habits and diet were reviewed. Fifty-three of these sixty-one housewives woke up tired though their sleep varied from six to eleven hours a night. Forty-seven

Many housewives suffer from bad feet. Standing in queues doesn't help

Although it's not listed

fact is that

DY

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

in the medical books, the unfortunate

housands of women in Britain know all about it

out of the sixty-one had an inadequate diet.

This wrong feeding and improper feeding and in some cases sheer lack of food never applied to the rest of the family. Husbands and children were well looked after. But the wives and mothers were too busy in the morning getting breakfast for everybody else to have a proper meal themselves. And by evening they were too tired.

Cinema Their Only Break

Many of them had become completely defeatist about the planning of meals and especially their own meals. They were tired and they looked tired.

Seventeen had never had a holiday since they were married. Twenty-one said they had "no leisure at all." The others had an hour or two free in the afternoon or evening, and that was often used for sewing and mending and knitting.

The one break that nearly all of them relied on was a visit to the cinema once a week.

All of these housewives were examined carefully. Nearly all of them had something wrong.

There were defects of posture, varicose veins, flat feet, bunions, and many teeth in need of dental care. There was some anaemia in four women, and high blood pressure of the worry-and-frustration type in ten of them.

Foot troubles, varicose veins, postural defects, and the kinds of arthritis and rheumatism which affect women much more than men are not helped at all by standing in queues and carrying heavy shopping baskets.

To these medical details the almoner, Mrs. Kershaw, added some revealing background information.

One of the families investigated lived in a damp basement flat. The father, mother and four children had to sleep in one room. For two years they had been trying without success to find other accommodation. It is no wonder that none of the children was well, that the husband was miserable, and the mother "a nervous wreck."

Where Her Bacon Goes

This was the least fortunate family, but for many of these housewives, according to Mrs. Kershaw, the main problems were housing difficulties and marital friction. The two are linked. Married life is much easier when all the members of the family are not living on top of one another.

Rationing, continued "austerity," and all the shopping difficulties were less important. Though too often the solution to rationed shortages was a bad one. The mother gave up her rations, particularly butter and eggs and the minute bacon ration, to ensure that the children had enough.

These surveys build up a portrait of the housewife which should make everyone pause for thought. She is suffering from fatigue and over-tiredness and continuing worry about housing and domestic problems. She has varicose veins or flat feet or even some condition that would be a good reason for being absent from an ordinary job.

Her worry and over-tiredness must affect the whole atmosphere of the home. They must also diminish her efficiency as a home-manager. This may not be a true picture of all the housewives all the time. But it is true of far too many housewives.

Can anything be done about these problems?

Housing problems will be solved—but not immediately. Rationing and austerity will disappear—though not immediately. But a great many of these problems are within the control of the individual family and could be tackled at once.

Bad teeth and dental sepsis can be fixed at no cost under the N.H.S. dental service. Dentists are earning fabulous salaries these days because neither the Ministry of Health nor anyone else realized how many bad teeth were going untreated.

Varicose veins can be cured. Few foot troubles are not much better for a visit to the chiropodist. Postural defects, anaemia, and high blood pressure can all be treated.

These are medical and allied problems to which there is one over-all answer—go and see your family doctor. But fewer housewives would need to queue up in overcrowded surgeries if they got their husbands and families to co-operate on a simple method of prevention.

It's Up to the Family

What the average housewife needs most of all is a rest. Any family worth looking after ought to be able to arrange a weekly rest for her. There should be a day off for mothers, and Sunday is a good kind of day. Make her stay in bed till lunchtime. Give her breakfast in bed.

And when she does appear make sure that she does nothing more energetic than a bit of knitting or listening to the wireless.

Take a good look at the only housewife you live with. Imagine her off duty for a few weeks and the chaos that would result. Organize a weekly day off for her and enlist the whole family on potato-bashing, washing-up, fire-laying and house-cleaning.

It won't kill the family and it will do more than anything else to make the portrait of your particular housewife look a little more like the way she did in the wedding-group photo on the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Grace Waller, London housewife. Her day: looking after two children, housework, shopping, more housework, and so to bed. Her meals: admits she gives up her rations to feed family and neglects her own feeding. Her leisure: an evening out once a month—could go more but is "too tired to bother." Her complaint: muscular rheumatism

FREE SPEECH

Are specialists more attentive to paying patients? Film shows on trains: it can be done, says a reader. Laundry compensation for lost goods isn't good enough.

MY RECENT EXPERIENCE of medical "etiquette" seems to indicate that specialists keep one set of manners for private patients and another for hospital patients.

About eighteen months ago, I paid three guineas for a specialist to examine my daughter. He showed the greatest interest in her well-being, discussed her condition in great detail, and was most charming and attentive.

When recently my own doctor advised me to see the specialist again at the hospital, without fee. I felt quite happy about it. Then I had a shock. His examination was most cursory. His whole attitude was one of boredom and disinterest.

I bitterly resent being humiliated in this manner. Must three guineas make all this difference?—PATIENT, Warwickshire. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Moving Pictures

RECENTLY A CINEMA controlled by an industrial organization travelled by rail to various railway stations exhibiting a publicity film, which was a great success.

Isn't it about time British Railways introduced cinema coaches for long-distance journeys? Who knows, perhaps one of these days I can book a ticket for dinner, and another for the film show afterwards!—DENNIS LANE, 678 High Road, North Finchley, London, N.12.

Cut Price

Mrs. D. Smith

A FEW WEEKS AGO we learned from the laundry that one of my husband's shirts had been lost.

After completing the application form, stating the price of the shirt, which was 39s. 6d., we later sent in a claim for 30s., which we thought reasonable as the shirt was practically new and scarcely worn. You can perhaps imagine our annoyance on receiving a postal order for 9s.—MRS. D. SMITH, 18 South Avenue, Amble, 3.

Baker's Grumble

MOST BAKERS' ROUNDSMEN, like myself, make about 250 calls a day—and waste hours by unnecessary waiting.

Saturday is for us a nightmare. The chief offender is the housewife who mislays her purse and turns the house upside down to find it. Then there is the customer who is expecting guests and can't decide how much bread she will need.

They're trivial things, I know; but wasted minutes soon mount to extra hours, for which we don't get paid overtime.—J. E., Stourbridge, Worcs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

On the Scales

THE READER WHO WROTE (JOHN BULL, January 22) expressing alarm at short-weight deliveries of coal can set his mind at rest.

Before any driver can unload, he must present the consignee with a delivery ticket. That is the law. And the consignee has the right to demand to see the coal reweighed, if he is not satisfied. If a large delivery is to be made, the consignee can demand to have it weighed by an inspector of weights and measures. The penalty for short weight can be a very heavy fine.—RAYMOND WILLARD, 5 Church Street, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

Miner in Exile

Charles Wood

UNEMPLOYMENT drove me and my family from the Durham coalfield in 1937. After twenty-five years as a collier I became a clerk and I am now in the Civil Service.

I wear a clean collar, scarcely dirty my hands and I have all the benefits of town life—but I'd sooner get back into my dusty muffler, exchange my pen for a pick, and gladly swap all the lights of Piccadilly for my friendly pit-lamp. Mining towns have something that this great city can never supply: warm comradeship.—CHARLES WOOD, 10 Gray House, White City, London, W.12.

Sharing Gate Money

THE PRESENT METHOD of distributing profits from cup ties is, I think, most unfair. If a team now draws a match at home with an unimportant opposing team, the crowd is usually small, and gate money, too, will be small.

Why not, after each round, pool all profits and share them out equally between all teams?—B. POWELL, 7 High Audley Terrace, Torquay.

Call from Africa

THE MAJORITY OF villages I have visited during the last year in Nigeria and Cameroons have no knowledge of what is happening in the outside world. The schools are sadly out of date and wireless is just one of those modern marvels they've heard about.

Many headmasters and village chiefs have asked me for old newspapers and periodicals, and if any readers wish to adopt a village or school and supply reading matter, I will be only too pleased to help. These friendly villagers are very keen on communicating with the outside world.—H. C. WINFIELD, T.E., P. & T., Lagos, Nigeria.

Shifted About the World

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLE, "Their Year of Hope," by Ralph Martin and Howard Byrne (JOHN BULL, January 15).

Such articles show up the world's inhumanity in the treatment of D.P.s who are shifted about the face of the earth like furniture.

The so-called "generosity" towards D.P.s in admitting them to a country is shown to be a sham if only the fit and skilled workers are wanted, husbands parted from wives, and families forced to split up and leave sick and aged parents.—A. SPRUDZS, Napton Road, Southam, near Rugby.

Can't Leave Love Out

CONGRATULATIONS TO Geoffrey Gorer for this brilliant criticism (JOHN BULL, January 15) of the Kinsey Report, *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*.

Gorer's summing up—"The word 'love' does not occur in its 800 pages, though to separate the two ideas is to make nonsense of both of them"—is a dazzling analysis of the book, and crystallizes the secret of sexual fulfilment.—CHARLES ESTCOURT, Ochilview, Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland.

Sexologist's View

KINSEY HAS NOT BEEN concerned with love in his research. He has been concerned with only the purely physical and psychological aspects of sex.

As a sexologist, I found Geoffrey Gorer's article completely unscientific. Of Dr. Kinsey's methods, he writes: "No police court would accept them as evidence." Does Gorer think that the learned men of the law are any more enlightened on the intricacies of sex than a dustman?—W. H. A. HARGREAVES, 140 Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.

Proud of War Baby

AFTER THE LETTER from the unmarried mother (JOHN BULL, January 15) I imagine there will be the usual expressions of scorn or pity.

I am an unmarried mother, and am thankful to say I need neither pity nor scorn. I am very proud of my five-year-old son, and am happy just as I am. It is not an easy job for a woman to bring up a child on her own, but I can say with conviction that it is well worth while.

My life would have been very empty without my war baby. He gives me the incentive to work, and is a bright hope for the future. Whatever shame I felt has long ago been swallowed up by my pride in my boy, who will one day be a respected member of a fine country, despite those who would have women like me hang our heads in shame.—ANOTHER UNMARRIED MOTHER, Aberdeen. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

DAY I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

"That WAS an experience!" is a phrase most people use to describe some vivid event in their lives. Below is one reader's experience. Others are invited, and will be paid for if published.

DURING THE last thirty years one of the doors of life has been almost imperceptibly closing against me—the door that opens to the world of sound.

Friends and relatives found that talking to me for more than a few minutes was an exhausting and often exasperating business. At work, colleagues had to resort to signs and cryptic notes.

Being unable to take part in small talk, or to laugh at the right moment, I was always liable to be taken for an unsociable boor, if not a nitwit. Cinema and theatre were lost to me: I could hear the radio only if it were on a pitch which spoiled it for others in the room.

As a working man with family responsibilities and precious little money to spare, I couldn't afford to experiment with expensive deaf aids.

* * *

July 5, 1948, therefore, was eagerly awaited by me, bringing with it free deaf aids under the new Health Scheme. I applied—and last week my turn came.

At the centre where the aids were supplied I was examined and fitted with one. The girl official fitted the ear plug into my ear, switched on the instrument, and then, standing six feet away, asked, "Can you hear me?"

I shall never forget that moment. I had been unable to hear normal speech at that distance for years. Speechless, I nodded. She moved several yards farther away, held a sheet of paper before her mouth to eliminate the possibility of lip-reading, and asked "Did you go away for a holiday this year? Did you have good weather? Where did you go?" I heard every word—and was myself reduced to silence.

* * *

A few instructions about the use of the instrument and the free replacement of exhausted batteries, and I left, carrying my "new ears" in a carton.

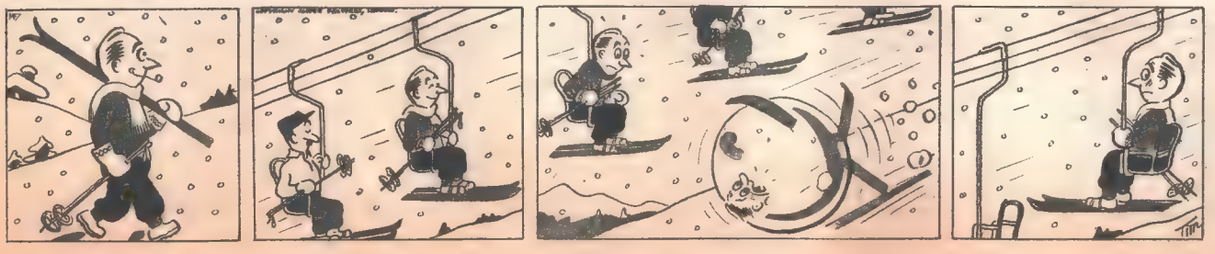
Back at work I tried it out again. A whole world of sound rushed at me. I heard someone whistling a tune. I heard a siren from a steamer on the river, a mile away, and then a strange crackling. Thinking that something was wrong with the set, I fiddled with the volume control, but the crackling remained.

And then my eye fell on a girl folding sheets of brown paper. It was just one of the hundreds of homely sounds that had been completely lost to me for years.

The identification of different sounds is still going on after a week. I am learning to hear all over again.—*J. A. Godfrey, 1 Guildford Road, London, E.17.*

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Rugger could be everyone's game

All-professional rugby might pack the stands throughout Britain, once Union and League get together • *by ROBERT CARO*

THE SUBJECT had cropped up over lunch in London's West End. My friend had said: "It's a pity rugby is such a snob game. If only it were 'classless' it would be as popular as soccer." I agreed; but, of course, we were both partly wrong.

Rugby football is nowadays a "snob" game only in the south of England, and there are plenty of signs that it is losing that doubtful distinction even there.

Nearly 220 clubs are now affiliated to the London Society of Rugby Union Referees, an increase of fifty on the previous season. A plan is now under way to form amateur Rugby League clubs in the big factories around London, with their own league, cup and championship competitions. Last season, at Wembley, 92,000 spectators paid £21,000 in gate-money to see the Rugby Cup Final.

In Wales the Celtic temperament long ago rid rugger of its public school bondage. Today it is the sport of the ordinary man—played by him and watched by him. The Welsh singing and astonishing antics of the crowds at Arms Park or St. Helen's make a convincing enough scene. And Scotsmen, too, will tell you that the roar at Murrayfield lasts continuously throughout a match.

It is in the north of England, however, that rugger has thrust down really deep roots. There the game is played and followed by miners, farm labourers, dockers, clerks. The names of rugger stars like Hey, Jenkins, Morris and Harris are as familiar to North Country households as are such soccer celebrities as Matthews and Mortensen.

Leeds v. Wakefield in Rugby League match. Northern rugger permits pros, draws the "cloth-capped" man

The Stumbling Block

Now, the north plays, in the main, League rugby, and that is the point on which this game has found a stumbling block.

Before rugby can attain the full spectacle value and organization we associate with soccer, all first-class rugby would probably need to become all-professional. And before this could be achieved the thorny question of Rugby League and Rugby Union would need to be solved.

For there are two governing bodies in the game and two ways of playing it. The two are poles apart. Rules differ; so do ideals.

The Union—the older organization, with headquarters at Twickenham—has always shown a die-hard attitude towards professionalism. It is rigidly opposed to payment for "broken time." Because of this a split came in 1895.

For some years there had been talk of professionalism in the north. When an attempt to get payment legalized was made at the best attended Rugby Union meeting on record the southern clubs proved too strong. The north was defeated.

Twenty-two Cheshire, Lancashire and Yorkshire clubs resigned from the Union. With the influx of new clubs the Northern Rugby League, as it became known, set out to make the sport more attractive. The number of players was reduced from fifteen to thirteen a side, by dropping two forwards. The League's founders had hoped that, while professionalism was permitted, players would continue to take part in outside work. After seven years this clause was abolished.

Even so, today at least ninety per cent of professional players do some other job during the week.

One result of all this is that League rugby is a much more spectacular game than Union rugby. In the north, where cloth caps and grime-laden grounds have become rugger's symbols, huge "gates" roar their support—just as in soccer.

Because of the efforts of the League—a body governed by a council consisting of one representative from each club, four amateur interests in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and one from Cumberland—rugger has really awakened public interest wherever it is played.

Today there are twenty-eight professional clubs with League and reserve teams. And there are something like 500 amateur teams playing the Rugby League game, as well as a hundred or more schoolboy teams.

Strict Control of Players

It is odd that the Union should maintain its diehard attitude, for the rules governing amateurism in the League are far stricter than in the Union's own game. League amateurs sign season-by-season forms for their clubs and cannot play for any other team without written permission. Another rule prevents any League amateur from getting a job as a result of his association with rugby.

Exactly a century and a quarter ago a football match was being played at Rugby School when one of the boys—William Webb Ellis; his name is even recorded, with due reverence—grabbed the ball and ran down the field with it. The idea caught on.

With this simple act rugby football was born—to be nurtured, unfortunately, in the environment of public school and university. This meant that for some generations the game was pretty well a monopoly of that section of the population which got its education through such institutions.

And, although our educational system has been changing so rapidly, rugger has to some extent been left behind. Compared with soccer, few people understand it, in spite of the good work done in the north.

I think this is a pity. Rugger is more exciting than soccer. Not that the two games should be compared too closely—any more than one would try to draw a parallel between cricket and golf, though in both games one strikes a hard ball with a bat or club. But, while soccer calls, perhaps, for more personal skill, rugger demands greater tactics.

The intrinsic value of all sports is in character building. Rugger has the drop on soccer there. I can think of no game in which *esprit de corps* is so imperative. A rugger side without team spirit will always lose. It's as simple as that.

This means plenty of movement. Constant attack is the strategy. And the toughness of the game, apart from appealing to the spectator, is one of its prime values. (In the nineteenth century games were played with two referees who, clad in norfolk jackets and bowler hats, carried sticks with which to belabour the backs of unruly scrummers. The umpire, recognizable in tall hat, morning coat and check breeches, could stop a game only when both referees raised their sticks at once.)

Can't Play It in Alleys

Oddly enough, like soccer, rugger is a sport within the means of most people—both followers and players—though it does face one snag in the schools.

Real help in developing this valuable sport could come from the educational authorities. Rugger doesn't lend itself to "scratch" playing—in back streets, for instance, with cap and coat for goalposts. It is a game that needs a proper ground and equipment. Such facilities should be part, as in soccer, of the sports curriculum of all schools.

But today it is the cleavage between Union and League that is doing more to prevent rugger from developing into a really popular sport than any other factor.

I think there is no doubt that professionalism *is* the answer. If this game is going to expand as it deserves to expand, a league the size of the Football Association League (and all the professionalism that goes with that) is needed.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

by HOWARD CLEWES

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

Hammond could sense danger. Too many people were getting to know. If anything went wrong with this last shipment . . .

INVESTIGATING THE low yield of farmers in the Liberty of Anderida Marsh, three officials of the Ministry of Agriculture meet with an unfriendly reception.

Colonel Gill, chairman of the Liberty Corporation, tells Meg Cuffley, reporter and daughter of the editor of the *Anderida Post*, that the marshmen will not tolerate interference.

Meg is aware of some conspiracy, but cannot find out what it is. Then, on a duck shoot with her father, she sees several mysterious punts with a cargo of barrels. She recognizes one man as a sailor she has seen before in the town.

Following the punts to a ruined abbey, she sees the barrels stowed in the vaults, and waits until the men have gone before investigating. She is surprised by the sailor, Rupert Hammond, who tells her the barrels contain smuggled brandy, and she realizes that many of the townsfolk, including her father, the colonel, and most of the Liberty officials, must also be in the secret.

Prudhoe, one of the Ministry investigators, mentions his own suspicions to Urquhart, the coastguard. Meanwhile, Finch and Fisherwick have been pitchforked off a farm they were inspecting by Bainbridge, an embittered farmer.

PART III

The Colonel Has Visitors

COLONEL GILL received a number of visitors that afternoon.

The first was Urquhart, who unfortunately left a few moments prior to the arrival of the second party, which consisted of Finch, Fisherwick and Prudhoe. Mrs. Bush showed them into the library where Colonel Gill was standing at the window staring out across the marsh. He turned to face them, slipping almost unconsciously into the blustering military irascibility to which they were accustomed in him.

"Well, gentlemen?"

Finch wasted no time. "This morning," he said, "we were assaulted by a farmer in this area."

Colonel Gill, who was fully informed on the incident, said: "Assaulted, man? Assaulted?"

"Assaulted. By a man named Bainbridge. With a pitchfork."

"Good heavens! . . . he didn't hurt you, I hope?"

"Fortunately the instrument failed to penetrate. But that is not the point, Colonel Gill. The affair was the climax to a week such as I have never experienced in my life. I am not exaggerating when I say that I have rarely seen representatives of His Majesty's Government treated in quite so cavalier a fashion. The man Bainbridge is a typical example of the kind of man with whom we have had to contend everywhere. It's deliberate obstructionism. The entire purpose of the investigation has been disregarded."

"Oh, you don't want to take any notice of Bainbridge," said Colonel Gill. "He does that to everybody sooner or later. Got a bee in his bonnet about something."

"I intend to bring an action against him. It's clear that until somebody has been made an example of, we shall get no co-operation from anybody."

"Well, I'd go easy if I were you. Popular sympathy seems to lie with Bainbridge."

"Popular sympathy has nothing to do with the application of the law, Colonel Gill."

"The general feeling seems to be that the fellow acted under provocation."

"D'you mean the magistrates would dismiss the case?" Finch was interested; deliberate maladministration of that sort would lay the corporation open to a number of charges.

"They'd probably fine him a few bob, and then pass the hat along the Bench."

"I see." Finch compressed his lips. "I shall be interested to hear the nature of the provocation. . . ."

"The impression seems to be that you mentioned the possibility of nationalisation of the land," said Colonel Gill. "Just gossip, no doubt."

There was a brief silence. Fisherwick crossed his legs and looked at Finch. Prudhoe continued to direct his pitiless blank stare at Colonel Gill.

Finch said: "If it appears to this commission that there is no other way of increasing production in the marsh, then that is the step we shall recommend to the Minister."

"You told Bainbridge that?"

"I made the alternatives clear."

"Then what the blazes did you expect the man to do?"

"He must understand that such a step would only be taken in the interests of the State," said Finch doggedly.

"There are a lot of Bainbridges, Finch."

"They would be dealt with collectively."

"Yes. . . ." Colonel Gill was silent, narrowing his eyes at the fire. "Well," he said at last, "it'll cause quite a stir. In fact it has done already."

"So much the better."

"That's a matter of opinion. Till this morning they were nothing but a handful of individuals. Now you've united them, against you. Damn silly, to my mind."

"I know what I'm doing."

"I hope so, Finch, indeed I hope so."

HE got to his feet and limped slowly to the window. "But I'd watch my step," he said, "if I were you." He looked up at the sky. "We know as well as you do that you can't scurry back to the Ministry and tell 'em those farmer fellows down in Anderida were very rude to you, let's nationalise the land. You need better reasons than that. And facts and figures. How the devil d'you think you're going to get 'em if nobody will talk to you?"

"That is what I am here for, Colonel Gill. That's why I've called to see you this afternoon. This obstructionism has got to stop."

"Nothing I can do about it."

"The situation must be made clear to the farmers."

"By me?"

"It's your duty."

"Oh? Why?"

"Somebody must talk to them. As one of the most influential farmers in the area——"

"A meeting of the corporation has been called for next Tuesday," said Colonel Gill briefly. "We have one vote each."

"I shall not attend," said Finch.

But he was exceedingly pale.

TO Rupert Hammond, when he arrived, Colonel Gill said at once: "I'm glad you've come, Rupert. Wanted to talk to you. Urquhart came to see me this afternoon."

Hammond frowned. "Urquhart?" He dropped into a chair. "Something go wrong with the last shipment?"

"No, no, Whitley's looking after that. It moves out tonight, most of it. The rest goes tomorrow."

"What's Urquhart after?"

"Well, it's quite a story. In the first place there's this infernal sub-commission pottering about. One of them's a snooper if ever I saw one—fellow by the name of Prudhoe. He dropped in on Urquhart this morning. Happened to mention smuggling. Nothing particular . . . just happened to drop on the word. But what worries me is that Urquhart should have run round to tell me about it. . . ."

"I thought he was being kept out of it."

"So did I."

"Does he know anything?"

"Never been told a word, to my knowledge. Yet there he was, bursting to tell me what Prudhoe had said."

Hammond said: "May I have another cup of tea?"

"Help yourself." The colonel continued: "I'm dead against getting the local officials involved, Rupert, as you know. Always have been. You never know where you are with an official if something slips up. They have to save their own skins. And if they don't, then they find themselves in deeper water than anybody, which isn't fair. Yet the beggars want to be in on it. They feel themselves a part of it . . . local enterprise and so forth.

"It shook me, I may say, very considerably, when Urquhart let slip his little bombshell. Gave me the impression he knew all about it and was only waiting for us to make a mistake to pounce. Then there's another: Pettigrew, the local copper. Prudhoe was talking to him the other day, too. Pettigrew was round here the same night with a hint the size of a haystack."

"Pettigrew always has known," Hammond said.

"Never openly. If it were put under his nose he'd have to do something about it." He stirred his tea thoughtfully. "You never have trouble with Hewitt, do you?"

"Not so far."

"Prudhoe will be after him before long."

Hammond was silent a moment. Then he said: "D'you happen to know a girl called Meg Cuffley, Colonel?"

"Indeed I do. Tom Cuffley's daughter." Colonel Gill's face straightened. "Why, has she——"

"I found her in the abbey vaults the other morning, five minutes after we'd dumped the last load and left."

Colonel Gill sat up.

"She'd been shooting in the marsh," Hammond said. "She followed us to the abbey."

"Then it must have been her gun I heard."

"Her father's. I heard it, too."

"Damn and blast," Colonel Gill said. "Tom wanted to keep her out of it. What did you tell her?"

"She knew it, or guessed it. I showed her the rest. It's better to have her with us than ferreting round on her own."

"That's torn it." Colonel Gill put down his cup decisively. "Rupert, d'you know what this means—the sub-commission, and Urquhart and Meg Cuffley and the rest?"

"Yes."

"It means it's got to stop—now."

Hammond nodded. "I'm not sorry, in a way."

"TOO many people," Gill said. "Too many sympathizers. Too many damned helpers. . . ." He got to his feet and moved about the room. "We're running our heads and everybody else's slap into a noose. D'you realize what would happen if somebody blew the gaff? I'm thinking about that confounded agricultural commission. It would be just what they want. They'd be after us like a pack of hounds. We wouldn't have a leg to stand on." He glanced suddenly at the younger man. "Can you trust that girl?"

"Oh, yes."

"She fooled me all right."

"She'd like to lend a hand."

Colonel Gill raised his eyes to the ceiling. "Lord save us from helpful women," he said. "Did you head her off?"

"Yes."

Colonel Gill looked at him narrowly. "You made it quite clear?"

"Quite clear." He looked up and caught Gill's eye on him. "There's another shipment, by the way," he said, "and it's too late to stop it now."

"Damn." Colonel Gill bit his lip. "Can't you conceal it?"

"Malherbe's already got the order."

"When's it for?"

"Thursday night."

"I suppose it couldn't be left in the nets?"

"Seems a pity," Hammond said, "—there'll be some bottles of Napoleon among it."

Colonel Gill raised his eyebrows. "Genuine?"

"I presume so. Malherbe's usually reliable."

"By George, it's a shame to leave that

The three men carried the cases to the scuppers. Beneath them the deck of the *Frolic* moved uneasily in the swell. The storm could not be long now

down for long. It won't do it any good."

"The rest of the shipment is straight brandy, some benedictine, a few cases of champagne, chartreuse, one or two of burgundy——"

"Well, it'll have to be the last for a bit, definitely the last."

"So be it."

"And watch every step. There mustn't be any trouble."

"I'll meet it ashore myself. Can you have a good team ready?"

"I'll see that Whitley picks the best men we've got. If something went wrong now. . . ."

WALKING down the High Street, Meg saw Rupert Hammond for the first time since he had trapped her in the vaults of the abbey. She stopped in her tracks, undecided whether to walk past him with no more than a greeting and a gracious smile, whether to go straight up to him and engage him coldly in conversation, or whether to give way to the sudden panic which gripped her, and flee altogether.

It was typical of her that, though her heart was beating uncomfortably fast and she was afflicted with an unaccountable shortness of breath, she chose to go towards him.

In the intervening days she had thought a great deal about the encounter in the tunnel, and not always with complacency. She was, in fact, rather angry with herself and thus, by a process which needs no explaining, with him.

He had not responded with the lusty enthusiasm to which she was accustomed in the young men of the marsh. Rupert Hammond's response had been tender and amused, thoughtful and restrained. He had packed her off home with a good-humoured smack across the rump, in spirit, if not in fact. And it still rankled. Nor had he made any attempt to seek her out in Portenoy.

Each day she had woken with him in the front of her mind, less as a man perhaps than as a means of identifying herself with the activities of the marsh, with life itself; he had denied her the golden opportunity and she felt angry and humiliated.

He stood with one foot on the running-board of the car and watched her coming towards him. He was conscious of a faint constriction in the muscles of the throat. How much wiser it would be to get into the car and drive away with a wave and a shout of greeting! A few more encounters with a girl like this one and it would not be hard to make a fool of oneself; there was something so damned magnetic in her passionate enjoyment of the business of living.

For the first time in a year he felt a twinge of regret for the choice of career he had made, involving as it did so complete a forfeiture of the love, even the company of this girl—or of any like her.

BUT really it no longer mattered, he reminded himself. This was probably the last time he would see her. For his plans were made. As soon as the last shipment of liquor was safely stowed, he would be leaving. He would put the *Frolic* into dry dock for a few days, get her keel scraped and the engine overhauled, and then in a week or two they would be sailing south for the Mediterranean. There was plenty to do along the French and Italian coasts; freight to carry from Alexandria to Bari, from Tunis to Naples, from Algiers to Marseilles and Barcelona.

He looked at the notebook in her hand.

"I suppose you have to go back to the office now?"

She nodded.

"I'd like to talk to you for ten minutes."

"I don't think there's much to say," she murmured. "Is there?" But it cost her an effort.

"Not very much," he agreed. "But you might like to hear it."

She nodded. "Take me for a little ride," she said.

She got into the car with impressive dignity.

"I'm sorry about the other morning," he began as he backed the little car out of the line and drove slowly through the crowds flowing out of the wharf. "It was just bad luck that you happened to be shooting on that particular morning."

"Why should you be sorry?"

"No reason why you should get mixed up in all this——"

"You can't keep me out of it," she

said flatly, looking at him belligerently.

"On Thursday night," he said gently, "we make our last trip, Meg."

Her eyes were cold. "Last trip?"

"We have decided to call it a day."

"You mean—altogether? For good?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"Too many innocent bystanders. Too much in the balance. There are lots of reasons."

"That's splendid," she said bitterly. "That's wonderful. Just as I find out about it."

He laughed. "Too many people are likely to find out about it."

"That's not the same," she said. "I live here. We've always been smugglers." She kept her eyes on the road ahead. "And after Thursday, what happens to the shipping department, then?"

"We shall be starting again somewhere else."

A curious chill settled on her shoulders. The dream was breaking; the beating heart of life, so nearly within her grasp, was slipping away under her eyes. "Where?" she said.

"The Mediterranean."

SHE felt the blood draining from her face. "Couldn't you start again—here, in the marsh, later?"

"Might be years, Meg."

"You could do something else."

He shook his head. "You don't cease to be a thief," he told her, "when you stop burgling. You're always liable."

She did not answer.

Presently he said: "There's nothing very splendid about diddling the Customs authorities, Meg. It's only fun for a bit, you know. Then it becomes a job like any other, and you get tired of it like any other. The only difference is that if you make a mistake, in this job, you go to jail for a bit."

"In a minute," she said, "you're going to tell me to pick myself a nice young man and get married and settle down."

He grinned. "It was on the tip of my tongue."

"I thought so." She said suddenly: "Please drive me home."

He slowed down and swung the car about and headed back towards Portenoy. Neither spoke for a few minutes.

"Going to be a storm," he said presently. He peered up at the sky. "Any day now."

She nodded dumbly.

"It's been hanging about for weeks. Never known it quite like this."

She did not speak. "Here we are," he said when they came to the *Post* offices.

"Goodbye," she said abruptly. She got out of the car.

"Goodbye, Meg. And on Thursday," he added, "—no shooting."

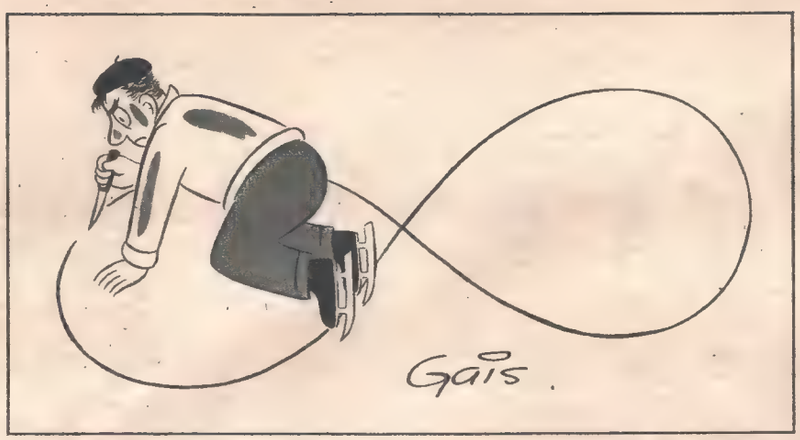
She did not speak. She went through the offices and up the stairs to her bedroom. She heard the car start up and move away. Presently the hum of the engine was no longer audible.

VERY little is known of the nature and causes of the storm and subsequent floods of 1287 which engulfed the ancient city of Winchelsea.

Much more, however, is known about the storm which occurred during the two or three weeks of the inspection of the Liberty of Anderida by the Sub-Commission from the Ministry of Agriculture.

To describe it as a storm is, as a matter of fact, inaccurate. Certainly it was accompanied by high seas and winds of great velocity, but it was all over in less than two hours.

The eruption of an island in the Gulf of Mexico, to put the matter in its simplest terms, displaced a quantity of water more or less equal to its own size, which was not inconsiderable. In a kind of vast tidal wave the water thus



displaced flowed outwards, away from the centre of disturbance, and caused great damage to the eastern seaboard of Central America. Flowing eastwards across the Atlantic, it encountered no obstacle till it met the western cliffs of Europe, by which time much of its initial momentum had been spent.

In the English Channel, however, which from west to east is something of a bottleneck, the effect was quite spectacular.

At Dungeness the sea rose above the level of the shingle and flooded wide stretches of marshland, but since there was nothing in the area except the lighthouse, little damage was done; and the Dymchurch Wall, protecting the levels of Romney and Anderida, withstood the test as well as could be expected; indeed it would have sufficed altogether, had it not been for that one small, fatal weakness at Portenoy.

NO other trawler left the harbour on the evening of the storm.

The fishermen shook their heads and watched the *Frolic* cast off and, with the quay waters frothing her stern, head for the bar and the open sea. The muffled thudding of the engine rose languidly from the white wake. In a few minutes the ship was swallowed up in the haze.

Fred Starling joined Captain Biddle on the bridge.

"It'll hold off," said Biddle, with more confidence than he felt.

"It'd be a nice 'ow-d'ye-do," said the mate cheerfully, "if we went down with the last shipment, wouldn't it?" The soft, heavy air blew into his face as they cleared the harbour mouth and the bows swung round to the east and the distant needle which was the Dungeness lighthouse. "And suppose it's too rough to put the stuff ashore, eh?"

"It'll hold off," Biddle said again.

The mate shook his head. "It's a pity," he said. "The last trip . . . you'd 'ave thought we'd 'ave 'ad a drop of decent weather for it, now wouldn't you?"

"Stop belly-aching, Fred." Biddle tilted the brim of his bowler hat an inch or two farther forward over his eyes and stared morosely into the gathering mist.

"Never find the inlet if this 'ere 'aze thickens up much more," said the mate. "And dark. And blowing a gale."

Biddle looked at him disgustedly.

"Ought never to 'ave left the 'arbour," Fred Starling said.

"Fred," said Biddle. "We're very depressed just now, what with one thing and another. We'd be obliged if you'd shut your trap."

"Just talking," said the mate.

With the approach of night the haze drew in. They passed the Dungeness light and stood out to sea.

"Take a bearing, Fred," said Biddle, "and tell Alfred to get the tackle ready."

They took a bearing and set a course which would lead them to the Frenchman's nets, on the three-mile limit. The long, flat coastline fell away and vanished in the mist. They were alone on the sea. Even the gulls, which usually followed them to and from the fishing grounds, presently wheeled about and left them.

"I don't like it," the mate said at last. He looked over his shoulder at the gleaming wake as though he half expected to see something unusual there. "I don't like the look of things, Cedric."

Biddle did not speak.

Now, as they watched, the water beneath the bows became curiously stained, as if some giant creature fathoms beneath had disturbed the sand on the bed of the sea. The smooth backs of the rollers were strangely broken as though by a wildly excited school of mackerel, and little whirlpools formed in the trough of each departing wave.

The mate removed his cap and ran the back of his hand across his brow, and Biddle thrust out his underlip and frowned steadily into the gathering dusk. The ship rolled restlessly.

It was half an hour before Biddle felt suddenly for the binoculars which hung about his neck and scanned the surface of the sea beyond the port bow.

"There they are," he said. "One . . . two. . . ." He counted them under his breath. "Eight."

The buoys danced ponderously in the swell. It was almost dark now and the white crosses gleamed on those nearest the trawler. Biddle lifted the mouthpiece of the tube which communicated with the engine-room and blew into it forcibly; the whistle sounded in the engine-room. "Half speed," Biddle said into the mouthpiece.

AS they slowed and began to roll still more, Fred Starling left the bridge and returned to the deck. Biddle heard the squealing of the windlass as the mate and Alfred Gosling swung out the derrick and prepared the tackle for hauling in the nets. He ordered Sigismund to stop the engine.

Steam hissed hollowly in the little funnel aft of the bridge. The *Frolic* rose and fell as she lost way and sidled up to the first of the buoys.

"Haul away!" Biddle shouted.

He left the bridge and went down on to the deck. Alfred Gosling stood to the windlass and Biddle and the mate fastened the hook to the net which, with a boathook, they lifted from beneath the buoy. The windlass rattled in the silent dusk and presently the net rose clear of the water and sprawled over the side. The cases of liquor swung against the beam.

"Get them in," Biddle said.

Alfred Gosling pinioned the cable, and together the three men began to lift the boxes from the net and stack them in the scuppers. It did not take long. When the net was empty they released the cable, the windlass spun, and the net, still attached to the buoy, fell back into the water. Biddle returned to the bridge and, with a shrill blast of the whistle, ordered half steam ahead. They moved on to the next buoy.

Fred Starling looked up at the sky, but it was no longer visible, except as a purplish haze.

"We're going to be in for it, Alfred," he muttered.

It was with the third net that the accident happened. The cases, after two or three days' immersion, were slippery, and so also, by this time, was the deck. Fred Starling's clumsiness, therefore, was understandable, if not forgivable.

He lost his foothold on the boards, staggered against the roll of the ship, and fell into the scuppers, cursing; the box flew from his embrace and landed heavily on the deck, where it splintered. Presently a thin stream of golden liquid ran down the boards. Biddle and the deck hand looked at it in silence.

"Very careless," said Biddle.

The mate got up. "Slipped clean out of my 'ands," he explained.

"It's busted all right," said Alfred Gosling. He scratched his round, bald head. "I wonder what it is."

FRED STARLING stooped and, touching the stream of golden liquid with his finger, applied it to his tongue. "Tastes like a drop of brandy to me," he said.

"Gerraway," said the deck hand. He also put it to the test. "That's it," he said, nodding.

"Seeing that this is the last trip," said Biddle at length, "and how we're very upset what with one thing or another, and seeing that there's the customers to be considered and nobody wants a busted case hanging about, kindly ascertain the extent of the damage, Fred."

The mate broke open the case. Two of the dozen bottles were broken.

"Have we a corkscrew?" Biddle inquired.

"Don't need no corkscrews," said the mate briefly. He took an undamaged bottle from the case and prepared to knock off the neck against the rail. Biddle stopped him.

"We are not a savage," he said. "Ask the engineer if he happens to have a corkscrew, Alfred."

The deck hand went below. He returned in a moment with a claspknife and, with the corkscrew attached to the knife, drew the cork from the bottle. He gave it to Biddle.

"Yes," said Biddle, drawing the back of his hand across his lips, "it's brandy." He squared his shoulders a little. "A very fine tonic," he remarked. He passed the bottle to the mate, and then to Alfred Gosling. "And now," he said, "let us continue."

They unloaded the net and moved on to the next buoy. Presently they paused again to drink. They uncorked another bottle. Alfred Gosling was sent down to the engine-room with a few drams for Sigismund, the engineer. The work of loading proceeded slowly. The night fell.

IT was as they were approaching the eighth and last of the nets that Fred Starling, who was leaning contemplatively against the rail, raised his hand suddenly and said:

"Listen. . . ."

They paused, swaying. The sea lapped at the flanks of the trawler. Steam hissed idly in the funnel. The lamp they had lit, which stood on the deck, cast its yellow light across the stacked cases. They strained into the darkness, listening.

"What was it you heard, Mr. Starling?" said Biddle. He belched absently and put a hand to his mouth.

"That noise. . . ."

They heard it, then . . . a low moan,

a sigh, far away to the west, beyond Dungeness. The air stirred about the ship. Then there was nothing but silence.

"Know what that was?" said the mate. "That was the storm." He nodded owlishly.

Biddle tipped the bottle to his lips and sucked reflectively at its contents. He wiped his mouth. "Let it come," he said at last.

They relieved the last nets of their burden and began to shift the cases from the deck into the hold. While they worked, they drank. They heard the distant sighing again, but now it was nearer; the wind blew with sudden force, and as suddenly died away again. Biddle returned to the bridge. He took with him a fresh bottle of brandy. In a little while he heard the mate's voice:

"All aboard and stowed. . . ."

He blew violently into the engine-room communication tube.

"We would like full speed ahead," said Biddle into the mouthpiece.

The ship began to move. The beating of the engines set her quivering from stem to stern. The bows swung about and she headed for the invisible coast and the inlet. On the bridge Biddle blinked into the impenetrable darkness. He felt extremely dignified and sad; he thought about life. He took a pull from the bottle in his hand, bracing himself unsteadily against the pitching of the ship.

The sea was getting up a bit, he thought.

ON the deck the mate and Alfred Gosling, having stowed the cargo and battened down the hatches, returned to the broken case and stood over it. The wet bottles gleamed softly in the light of the hurricane lamp.

"Can't leave it there," said Fred Starling at last.

The deck hand shook his head.

They were finding it difficult now to reconcile a certain unsteadiness of their own with the natural pitch and toss of the deck. The mate stooped to count the bottles.

"Two busted," he said. "Two drunk. . . ." He looked at Alfred. "If we was to give one to Siggy," he said slowly, "and keep one for ourselves for medic'nal purposes, that'd leave six, wouldn't it? And then we could call it 'alf a case, see?"

Alfred Gosling nodded solemnly. "There'd be some sense in 'alf a case," he said.

"Nobody wants odd numbers," said the mate.

"Nobody," Alfred agreed.

He went below with a bottle for the engineer. The mate selected another from the case and, with a neat tap on the rail, severed the neck from the shoulders of the bottle. He applied it gingerly to his lips and drank deeply. He sighed, hiccoughed, failed suddenly to anticipate the roll of the ship, and sat down; he remained seated.

The *Frolic* moved through the night towards the shore. It was not far, but she travelled slowly, at scarcely more than four knots, and the storm was upon them long before Biddle had sighted the signal from the inlet.

LYING in the long grass above the inlet ashore, they waited. Altogether there were nine men—Rupert Hammond, Colonel Gill, John Wickes, George Whitley and five others. Hammond lay on the edge of the little cliff overlooking the inlet; on his right was Colonel Gill, on his left George Whitley lay. The rest lined the bank; two sentries lay in the undergrowth and watched the approach.

The punts were ready in the reeds of Burleigh Gutt, paddled there at dusk. The bailiff reported to Hammond that all were present and in position and Hammond held a brief whispered colloquy with Colonel Gill.

"I don't like the look of the weather," he muttered.

"Nor I." Rupert peered at his watch and grasped the flashlamp in his hand. "Long time to wait," he said.

They fell silent. Colonel Gill puffed at his pipe. Hammond dropped his chin into his hands and stared into the darkness. It was not cold. The grass smelled fresh and pleasant. He felt at peace and at the same time agreeably on edge. The wind stirred and he caught the scent of Colonel Gill's pipe in his nostrils. He thought again of Meg Cuffley, with the same vague regret, the odd, nostalgic longing with which all his thoughts of her were weighted.

"So you've decided on the Mediterranean?" Colonel Gill whispered presently.

"Pretty well decided," he said.

"Going on with this business."

"I don't see a way out," Rupert Hammond said.

COLONEL GILL drew on his pipe. "Ever thought of farming?" he murmured presently.

"Not for long. . . . I don't know wheat from barley."

"Get a job on a farm. Buy a farm."

Rupert Hammond grinned to himself in the dark. "I can imagine," he said softly.

"Become a respectable citizen again," Colonel Gill whispered. "Might get quite a kick out of it."

Hammond looked into the long, humorous face. "Are you serious?" he said.

"Perfectly."

"I'll have to think about it," Hammond said ironically.

A few minutes later George Whitley touched Hammond's arm and said:

"Listen to that. . . ."

The wind sighed, rose to a wail far down the Channel, and died away again.

"Did you ever hear anything like that before?"

Hammond moved uneasily. "They shouldn't be long now," he said. He looked at the hands of his watch. "Another twenty minutes."

They lay and watched the seas breaking on the slope beneath, seeing little but the pale foam, yet aware that it was growing steadily stronger. A wave broke full against the landing stage and threw a jet of spume high into the air. Behind them the wind moved across the marshes and set the trees in the copse swaying and clashing.

"I don't like the feel of things, Rupert," said Colonel Gill suddenly.

Hammond did not speak.

BARELY two minutes later the storm broke. The wind came across the water with the force of the sea itself, like a wall. They lay face down in the turf and gasped for breath. Behind them they heard, mingling with the wild crying of the wind, the answering groan of the trees. They heard the branches ripped from the trunks to be carried across the flat land rolling and bouncing like feathers in a breeze, and then a rending crash which was a tree, entire, its trunk snapped like matchwood a few feet from the earth, falling headlong among its neighbours.

The surface of the sea was whipped into a tangle of plummeting crests and the wind picked the loose water and flung it across the land like hail in the faces of the men crouching in the grass. They lay beneath it and waited; but the fury did not abate.

"Look at that!" Colonel Gill shouted suddenly. He shook Rupert Hammond's arm and pointed. "The sea . . . !" He put his mouth to Hammond's ear and shouted: "The sea!"

Hammond narrowed his eyes into the tumult. "It's rising!" Colonel Gill bawled.

He felt it rather than saw it, felt the proximity of the tossing water as it rose. A mountainous sea reared up and hurled itself at the cliff and a great column of water shot into the air and swept across the land. Hammond ducked instinctively and felt the icy shower across his back. He raised his head and looked at the man at his side. He could see nothing of the face itself; but the growing alarm in his own heart was enough.

Another mountain of water broke against the slope and this time there was no doubt at all—he felt the drag as water rolled back to cascade down the slope. He shook it out of his eyes and ears.

"Better get out of here!" Colonel Gill shouted.

"The ship. . . ."

"Never get it ashore in this. . . ."

He shook George Whitley's arm. "Get the men together!" he yelled. He put his mouth to Whitley's ear and shouted again: "Get the men! Tell them to make their own way back. Impossible to land anything tonight. Get them home. . . ."

MIDNIGHT, the time at which the centre of the storm reached the Dungeness light, found Captain Biddle, the mate, Alfred Gosling and Sigismund, the engineer, fabulously drunk.

Although drunk, and getting drunker, Captain Biddle was unmindful of anything but putting his cargo ashore; he owed it to himself, to tradition, and to Rupert Hammond to do so. So he ran, with as much power as Sigismund could summon from the engine, for the rendezvous.

He never doubted his instinct. As soon as he came within a quarter of a mile of the shore, Biddle argued, he would recognize his whereabouts by the configuration of the land, and the inlet by the slight, familiar indentation between its seaward shoulders. Of this much he was confident; be the sky never so black, the land was darker still.

However, once broadside on to the towering seas, which more nearly resembled rolling hills than mere breakers, the little ship was no longer under its captain's control—a circumstance which Biddle did not at first appreciate; he knew he was proceeding in approximately the desired direction; from time to time he adjusted the angle of the rudder; now and then he put his lips to the engine-room communication tube and, with a titanic expulsion of breath, caused the instrument to utter a shrill and brandy-laden whistle which summoned the engineer to the earpiece to receive further instructions.

Sigismund did his best; the engine, however, might as well have ceased to turn the propeller altogether; the sea had the ship now truly at its mercy. Biddle thought otherwise.

It was not, in fact, until he realized that he was among the breakers that he understood his presence on the bridge to be now more or less superfluous.

"Fred!" he shouted. He leaned over the rail of the little bridge and trumpeted anxiously. "Fred. . . . !"

There was no reply.

The wind screamed in the rigging. A broken box slithered about the streaming deck. The ship reeled under the weight of water which rose above the beam; soared dizzily on the raging crest, and plunged into the fathomless trough. A touch of panic pierced the alcoholic haze which clung to Biddle's wits.

He bellowed again for the mate, but the wind snatched the word from his lips and flung it to the tumult. He put his mouth to the communication tube and blew. There was no answer.

It was with surprise rather than alarm that it dawned on him then, for the first time, that his ship was in difficulty. It seemed strangely unreal to him; he could not quite believe it; the problem was another man's, not his. He clung to the lurching rail and, becoming aware of the neck of the bottle in his hand, raised it absently to his lips; sea spray ran down his upturned face and the wind sang shrilly in his ears.

HE tilted the bottle to his mouth again and drank. He staggered and fetched up hard against the rail. Then, so close that he seemed almost between them, he saw what he took to be the shoulders of the inlet in the murky hell below.

But it wasn't the inlet. It was the gap left by the harbour sandbank, now swept away. A great torrent of water, twenty yards wide and six or eight feet deep, surged through the gap into the ancient harbour. And the *Frolic* was drawn into the vortex as surely as a matchbox to a drain.

Far from trying to resist the movement, Captain Biddle, under the impression that he was entering the inlet, a mile or so to the west, staggered to the wheel and steered straight for the gap. He rammed the bowler hat over his eyes and, grasping the wheel firmly with his right hand, stuck grimly to his post.

He felt the speed of the ship increase. He heard the hideous grinding of the keel on the sandbank; for the space of twenty seconds the ship hung there, virtually poised on the bar. The next inrush of water carried her over it and into the harbour, already all but full of water. A wondrous calm enveloped the ship.

For a moment Biddle stared open-mouthed into the darkness; slowly he relaxed his grip on the wheel; he nodded to himself, satisfied, if puzzled: he had brought his cargo to the rendezvous.

As he emptied the bottle into his mouth, the nervous tension which, in a considerable measure, had held at bay the effects of the brandy swilling in his belly, relaxed. He reeled across the bridge, struck the rail and went sprawling. He lost consciousness.

On the deck, Fred Starling, disturbed by the sudden peacefulness of the waters in which he sailed, sat up. He knew at once what he must do. On hands and knees he crawled into the bows. Presently he found the anchor.

To be continued next week

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE YOUNG GALLANT'S idea of a right number seems irrelevant to telephones. The girl, on the other hand, has a discouragingly faraway look in her eyes. Michael Critchlow, who painted the cover, foretells the next moves: irate taps on both booths; boy and girl give up possession simultaneously, exchange rueful smiles. . . It's a cinch, young fellow!

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(See answer below)

One Perm cost 3 guineas ... *the Toni only* 16/8

A Toni is truly lovely! So smooth, so natural-looking. That's why 9 out of 10 American women prefer Toni to any other home perm.

Look how easy it is to give yourself a Toni at home — during your leisure hours!

1. *Roll your hair up in Toni curlers. Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go. If you like, ask a friend to help you with the back curls.*
2. *Tie a turban around your head and do whatever you like while the wave is "taking".*
3. *Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.*

Your Toni perm is in — just the way you like it — and frizz-free from the start. Toni Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful waves. Toni waves any hair that will take a perm — even grey, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And your Toni will last just as long as the most expensive perm.

Which Twin has the Toni?

Doris DuVall, the twin with the Toni, is on the left. "My Toni looked soft and lovely from the start. Dorothy says that after this we'll be Toni *twins*." And just think of the saving in time and money!

Remember! The De Luxe Kit contains re-usable plastic curlers which can be used over and over again with the Toni Refill kit... costing only 8/4! Read instructions carefully.

GIVE YOURSELF A LOVELY *Toni* HOME PERMANENT

the **creme** cold wave

REFILL KIT 8/4

Prices include purchase tax

26

MADE BY THE TONI DIVISION OF GILLETTE, ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

JOHN BULL February 5 1949

THREE UP

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MITCHELL

The sheep farmers had never forgiven Kelland for shooting at their favourite hunting dog. Nor, it seemed, had the dog

As the fox lunged at him, Kelland jerked sideways—he jerked too far

TRYSON AND I saw the whole affair from the opposite fell-breast, where we were rolling the cut brackens down for winter bedding.

We had raked together a long line of the stuff at the top of the fell-breast. Then, holding our rakes by the head and pushing the handles almost parallel with the stony slope, we began to turn the line of brackens over and over. This forms them into a sort of thick sausage that rolls down slowly under its own weight, and saves a deal of labour.

We kept at it steadily, aiming to beat the rain, for we knew there would be more of it and lots of it soon. The light in the sky had an incredible sharpness, and the tallest peaks in Cumberland looked so close you felt you could stretch out a hand and touch them.

But for the certain promise of another teeming downpour we should have been out with the hunt instead of hurrying to get the brackens piled and under cover. They had met at Beckfoot Farm, across the dale, at eight o'clock, and we had seen the pale blurs of the hounds fanning up across the scree below the rim of Black Moor. Afterwards, they had swung down towards the river, out of sight between Brant How and Arming How.

It was hard to stay busy on the brackens with the sound of the invisible pack giving tongue through the damp, clean air.

Once or twice Tryson rested on his rake, and his grey-blue eyes stared across the dale, and he sighed. My own feet, warm in straw-lined clogs, were itching to carry me down to the screened river. Our hunt here is a game of sweat and scrambling and patience, and odd, fierce flashes of excitement. A game? No, a business. Society, with a capital S, has nothing to do with it. There are no sleek horses and tailored men and elegant women.

Those who follow are farmers and shepherds wearing anything from second-hand battledress to jerseys and slacks and gumboots. The Shires would be shocked—if they could follow.

CERTAINLY it is a business. Without the hunt, the losses among the lambs born in April would be terrible, and there is no other way of keeping the foxes down. A party of men with guns might comb the fells for a month without seeing a fox. As for putting down poison, that would mean good-bye to your sheep dogs.

Just as Tryson and I were coaxing the brackens over a long snout of rock, the hounds gave tongue again. The sound came from farther up the dale. We stared at each other, and Tryson said with a kind of relish:

"Yon hounds are crossing Ninestones."

We grinned, and wondered. Likely there would be ructions. Throughout all our upflung miles there is only one place where hounds are forbidden, Ninestones Farm.

The trouble started last year when a red-haired engineer named Kelland, from Manchester, bought the freehold of Ninestones, with sixty acres, and leased the fell grazing rights. Somehow he and old Elgood, the farmer-master of the hunt, fell foul of each other. That mattered little. What did matter was that Kelland would allow no hunting across his land.

It was a silly, spiteful action to take, and liable to hurt the man himself, as his place carried nearly 500 Herdwick ewes, apart from the rams and hoggs. Elgood, apparently, took scant notice of the threat. He had heard that Kelland had hired Tom Veitch as bailiff to run the farm, and that Kelland himself would be away most of the time in Manchester. Tom Veitch would create no bother. He was a local dalesman.

Ten days after the brush with Kelland there was a meet on Lingdale Fell. With one exception, the hounds lost the scent. The exception was Greenrigg, snow white but for his left black ear, long and slender, full of persistence and craft, and the pride of old Algood's heart. Greenrigg went off on his own, down a tilt of slurry, through a chaos of boulders where the bilberries had bloomed purple in the summer, leapt an intake wall, and pattered cheerfully through one of Kelland's meadows. A grazing ram veered lazily away for a couple of yards.

UNLUCKILY for Greenrigg, Kelland was leaning against a dry-stone wall, waiting with a twelve-bore for a marauding crow.

Kelland shot at the hound instead. Some of the pellets got him where the off foreleg joins the breast. He yowled and scampered off, limping, to slither to safety through a hogghole in the wall. Elgood had heard the shot and seen the result of it. Despite his age, he trotted and scrambled down the fell-breast at speed, and some of the words he said were not purely Cumbrian. Kelland made no apology. He said he had caught the hound worrying one of his sheep.

The absurdity of the lie made Elgood froth at the mouth. These hounds of ours are no more likely to harry Swaledales and Herdwicks than to bite their own noses. Elgood told Kelland that with a deal of crimson emphasis. They nearly came to blows.

Greenrigg recovered, but he had lost ten per cent of his speed. The dalesfolk never forgave Kelland. They would rather he had shot at Elgood than half crippled their favourite. And now the hunt had got on to Ninestones ground again, and I knew for a fact that Kelland was up here from Manchester for a few days.

Tryson pulled a wisp of bracken from the tines of his rake, and said slowly:

"Kelland will nay be down yonder. Went gatherin' early wi' Tom Veitch, he did. Ay." His thick finger pointed up at the sepia and orange of Black Moor. "They'll be there, some spot."

I remembered then that it was about the usual date for Ninestones to gather their flock for the second compulsory dipping.

Once more the music of the hounds drifted up to us. It was very loud, with a wailing, bewildered touch. They had lost scent.

"They're making such a din," I said, "that Kelland will probably hear them, even up there. If he guesses——"

Tryson laughed dourly. "Ah hope he does. There's nowt he can do."

"Wonder where the fox has got to?"

Tryson laughed again, and from behind a boulder fished out a pair of field glasses.

"Next best to being up wi' 'em," he said.

Tryson swung the glasses a little to the left, staring towards Mart Crag. The visibility was almost miraculous. Though it was the best part of a mile away as the crow flies, I could pick out with the naked eye the cracks in the ugly rock face that drops sheer to a sprawling tilt of scree below. That faint, light and dark line was the ribbon of ledge that threads it, starting from the curve where the shoulder of the fell joins the precipice and thinning eventually into nothingness. Crowning the rock face, the crumbling grass slope rising to the lip of Black Moor looked like a wall. In fact, it is not so, descending at an angle of seventy degrees. But the surface is so treacherous, and the rock below so rotten, no dalesman would attempt to come down.

If you get a sheep crag-fast there, on that dizzy ledge, the answer is to work up towards it, and send a dog along. If the dog jibs, or the sheep refuses to

move, there is nothing more to do but leave the creature there until it grows light with starvation and an extra gust of wind catches hold of its fleece and blows it into eternity.

Tryson snatched the glasses from his eyes, made a quick, indrawn sound, and clapped them back. I could see what he was looking at. A man had appeared over the lip of the grass slope. Even at that distance his red hair showed brightly.

"Gey daft, he is, tae gaa doon that way," said Tryson. "Ay, he is that."

We leaned on our rakes and watched. It was easy to guess what had happened. High up on Black Moor, Kelland must have heard the yowling and realized that the hounds were on his land. To get down to Ninestones from there by the track we call the drift road is a matter of nearly two miles. By the time he reached his farm the hunt might have moved on farther afield. Wanting to catch the hounds red-footed, so to speak, he had taken the direct and rather deathly route down Mart Crag. No man born in the dale would have been such a fool.

At least he had the sense to tackle the slope with his back to the drop, his hands and feet jabbing into the crumbling stuff. He was moving fast, and we knew why. The bents growing on that scanty soil have no deep roots. Grab at them, and they begin to work loose, and you must either shift your grip in a hurry or go hurtling down, your hands full of broken grass.

With his face so close to that steep breast, Kelland failed to judge the best line of descent. Instead of reaching the ledge at its wider section, he met it at a point where a mere few inches jutted out above the rock face. His arms were high, feeling for a hold, and his feet close together. A little bit of rotten granite broke away under his heel and went shooting down to the scree below.

Tryson said: "He'll have to move fast. Yon ledge won't stand weight."

FROM the hidden Ninestones fields came another bewildered baying. Kelland was creeping cautiously along the ledge, his upraised hands scrabbling for holds and slowly moving one in front of the other. A second splinter of granite cracked away under his feet and dropped down on the scree.

The unemotional Tryson made a squeaky sound. "Look yon!"

A reddish-brown thing appeared around the curve from the broad end of the ledge. It was the hunted fox. It caught sight of Kelland, and stopped. Then it squatted on its haunches, and stared at him.

"Well, ah'll be——!" Tryson's leathery neck stretched forward, and his eyes shone with a sheen of excitement.

Although Kelland was still clawing his way along towards it, the fox made no attempt to retreat. It was a queer thing. Foxes can be bold when they like. I have known one turn and snarl at me in a farm lane at night before leaping a wall.

But here was something that simply didn't make sense. The hounds were down in the dale, nosing around for the scent. There was nothing to prevent the fox from padding back along the ledge, sliding into Black Moor Ghyll, which is the waterfall that comes down from the top, and putting a wilderness of heathery miles between himself and the yammering pack.

At least, that was what we thought.

A few seconds later we knew better. From the shadow of the curve emerged a snow-white hound with a black left ear advancing slowly along the ledge.

"Greenrigg!" bawled Tryson, and followed it up with a string of shrill, unintelligible noises. There are moments in a hunt when these restrained Cumbrians seem to go beautifully

Continued on page 26

Her very strangeness often seems to make her more attractive

COLOUR BLIND

by HERBERT HODGE

I'VE JUST COME ACROSS a new idea—new to me, at any rate. It isn't an idea that many of us would think of. It was given to me by a blind man. His name's Hector Chevigny. He's an American, living in New York; a writer of radio programmes.

When he suddenly lost his sight, a few years ago, he trained himself, with the help of his dog, to get about and go on earning his living almost as well as if he could see. (He's written about it in a book called *My Eyes Have a Cold Nose*, published by Michael Joseph.)

The one great difference between him and most of us, of course, is that he can't see. That's why he was able to give me this idea. It arose out of a little bother he had when he invited a friend to lunch with him at a restaurant.

Being blind, Chevigny needs his dog to guide him wherever he goes. And the trouble with being led to lunch by a dog is that many restaurants won't take the risk of admitting dogs—not even one so well trained as a "seeing eye" dog. So, once a blind man has found a restaurant that will admit his dog, he naturally sticks to it. (This isn't a dog story; but the dog, whose name is Wizard, obviously can't be left out.)

Coming out of his office to lunch one day, striding rapidly along the pavement to keep up with fast-moving Wizard, Chevigny heard a voice calling out behind him. It was a voice he knew well, belonging to a youngster by the name of Billy—an office boy at a nearby publishers.

Chevigny stopped, waited for Billy to catch up, and they walked along the street together. Then Chevigny suggested that Billy might as well join him for lunch. Billy hesitated. Then asked: "Are you sure they'll serve me?"

"Of course," said Chevigny. "Why shouldn't they?"

So Billy had to explain. It was rather embarrassing—for Chevigny—because it was something of which the blind man had been completely unaware. Billy explained that he was a Negro.

Billy Was Shocked

Would a restaurant that admitted Wizard welcome Billy? Chevigny realized it was a question he couldn't answer—because, of course, although he knew many of the people who ate at this restaurant, he hadn't been able to see the colour of their skins.

To avoid possible trouble, Chevigny suggested they should both go to Billy's place—that is, if Billy's place would admit Wizard. His hand, as he spoke, was on Billy's arm. He felt Billy's muscles stiffen. Billy was shocked. Not admit a "seeing eye" dog! They'd better, said Billy, or he'd raise the roof.

As it happened, all three of them were given a courteous welcome. But it was a very silent lunch; both men had so much to think about.

The new idea in it, for me, springs from Chevigny's statement that although he knew Billy so well he was quite unaware that Billy was a Negro.

Yet this blind man's senses are very acute. He is able to assess people's characters much more accurately now, he says, than when he could see. His highly developed sense of hearing gives him a great insight into people's hearts and minds.

He can even make a fairly good guess at their appearance. For instance, his hearing, plus his powers of deduction, were acute enough to tell him that his doctor was wearing glasses. But, with all his sensitivity, he cannot detect differences of race.

Does that prove anything? Chevigny thinks it does.

Sighted people, he says, are too busy using their eyes to give their other senses a chance to tell them the truth about racial differences. He is convinced that these differences are only differences of *appearance* — in such things as the hair, the skin, the shape of the nose, and so on.

If we were all blind, he says, there would be no racial prejudice at all—because we simply wouldn't be aware of racial differences. We'd only be aware of differences in character between individuals.

I wonder if he's right. Morally, of course, most of us agree that there ought not to be racial prejudice. But I, for one, sometimes find it difficult to avoid feeling racial antagonisms (or, at least, irritations) because of what, to me, seem racial differences.

But if this blind man is right—and he quite well may be—I've been allowing my eyes to deceive me.

Different with Women

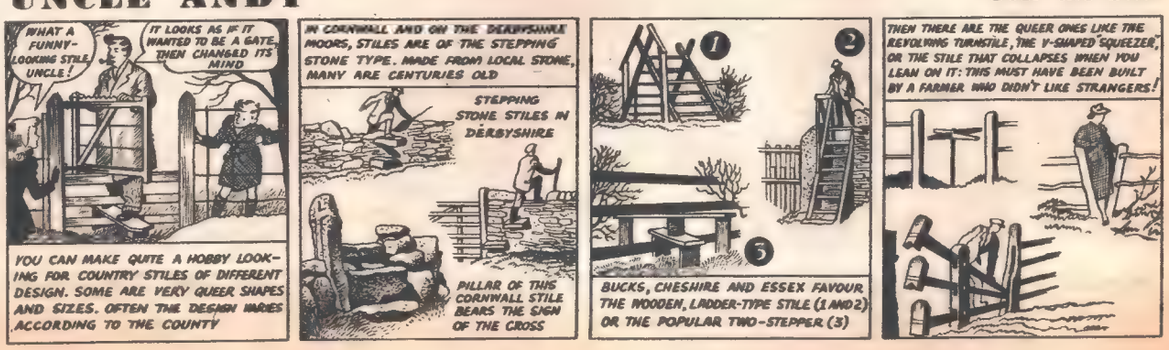
What encourages me to think he may be right is that I've never caught myself feeling racial antagonism towards a woman. Whether she's been black, yellow, or simply "foreign" white, her very strangeness has often made her seem all the more attractive. Which suggests that Nature has no room for racial prejudice between members of opposite sexes; and that what appears to be racial prejudice between members of the same sex may have its roots in a sort of underlying sexual jealousy.

Anyway, this new light shed by a blind man on the subject has certainly caused me to re-examine my own feelings. And so far as a sighted man *can* try a blind man's method, I intend to try his.

The next time the behaviour of a member of another race irritates me, I'll shut my eyes and try to imagine I can't see him. Then, perhaps, my other senses will have their chance to lead me a little nearer to the truth of the matter.

UNCLE ANDY

Over the Stile


WHAT A FUNNY-LOOKING STILE, UNCLE!
IT LOOKS AS IF IT WANTED TO BE A GATE, THEN CHANGED ITS MIND
YOU CAN MAKE QUITE A HOBBY LOOKING FOR COUNTRY STILES OF DIFFERENT DESIGN. SOME ARE VERY QUEER SHAPES AND SIZES. OFTEN THE DESIGN VARIES ACCORDING TO THE COUNTY
IN CORNWALL AND ON THE DERBYSHIRE MOORS, STILES ARE OF THE STEPPING STONE TYPE. MADE FROM LOCAL STONE, MANY ARE CENTURIES OLD
STEPPING STONE STILES IN DERBYSHIRE
PILLAR OF THIS CORNWALL STILE BEARS THE SIGN OF THE CROSS
1
2
3
BUCKS, CHESHIRE AND ESSEX FAVOUR THE WOODEN, LADDER-TYPE STILE (1 AND 2) OR THE POPULAR TWO-STEPPER (3)
THEN THERE ARE THE QUEER ONES LIKE THE REVOLVING TURNSTILE, THE V-SHAPED 'SQUEEZER', OR THE STILE THAT COLLAPSES WHEN YOU LEAN ON IT: THIS MUST HAVE BEEN BUILT BY A FARMER WHO DIDN'T LIKE STRANGERS!

Link yourself

TO THE MODERN WAY OF WRITING . . . . .

Here are the features that have made Biro famous throughout the world — the features that have turned a new page in the history of writing.

- Speedy smooth writing with a ball point. Writes clearly on practically any surface — even wet paper.
- Self-loading, visible-check Magnum refills which can be fitted in a few seconds.
- No blotting paper necessary — the ink dries as you write.
- Can be used out-of-doors in any weather.
- Takes up to six perfect carbon copies.
- A boon to left-handed writers.
- 10,000 Biro Dealers waiting to supply and serve you in Gt. Britain alone.

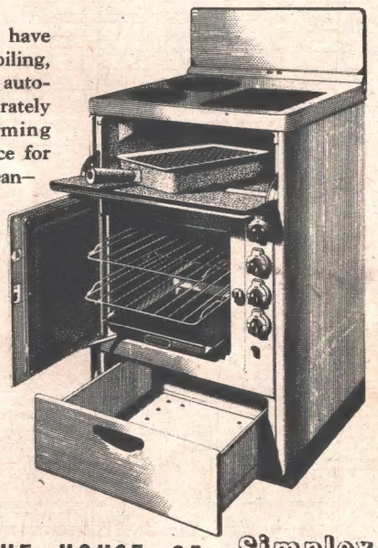
Biro REGD.

a pen for your thoughts

THIS IS THE

Creda

ELECTRIC COOKER



. . . the cooker you have always wanted–fast boiling, large oven with fully automatic control, separately heated plate warming drawer, special device for simmering, easy to clean–all in a thoroughly modern cheerful exterior. Ask for particulars from your Electricity supply Showrooms or Electrical Retailer

QUICK DELIVERY

MADE BY THE HOUSE OF **Simplex**

Simplex Electric Co Ltd Oldbury Birmingham & Branches

A COMPANY

A "MAGNESIA SMILE" *invites Romance*

All eyes on the girl with the *magnesia smile!* Such sparkling white teeth. Such healthy pink gums. Such sweet breath. Only Phillips' Dental Magnesia can give you that magnesia smile because only this toothpaste contains * 'Milk of Magnesia' which many dentists advise for neutralizing harmful mouth acids. Get Phillips' today . . . then watch your smile get brighter . . . brighter . . . brighter.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA TOOTHPASTE

1/4 *per tube*
Extra large 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

1849 1949

In the Service of

Thrift and Home Ownership

for 100 years

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: Abbey House, Baker St., London, N.W.1. Tel: WELbeck 8282.

YOUR PENSION MULTIPLIED

Turn the State provision into comfort when you retire. The sure way is to buy Prudential units of Endowment Assurance which secure a lump sum payment at age 65 or an income for the rest of your life. Should you die in the meantime there will be a capital sum for your dependants.

● POST THIS COUPON TODAY, TO:

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Please supply me with particulars of your Endowment Assurance Policies.

Name.....Date of Birth.....

Address.....

J.B.5/2/49 PP553

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR EXTRA NOURISHMENT?

People who tire easily and lack energy often *need* vitamin reinforcement of their diet. 'Supavite' is rapidly beneficial in such cases. Two capsules daily (easily swallowed with water) provide your supply of the essential vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), C, D, E and Nicotinamide, plus Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus in correct proportions. 5/- a box (15 days' supply).

Angiers **SUPAVITE** REGD. CAPSULES

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL Co., LTD., 86, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1

WIN £500 AND CHOOSE . . .

NEW offers, new prizes, new features to help competitors—almost every week brings some fresh reason for you to take up JOHN BULL'S entertaining competitions as your hobby.

For instance, look at the big new attraction in the *Bullets* prize offer this week. At the top of the list of 3,045 prizes stand cheques for £500, £50 and £25. And with *each* of those chief cheques goes the prize-winner's choice of either the latest Regentone "99" radiogram or the new Hoover washing machine.

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£500

plus RADIOGRAM or WASHING MACHINE

2nd Prize **£50** each plus Radiogram or Washing Machine

3rd Prize **£25** each plus Radiogram or Washing Machine

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

25 FAMILY HAMPERS containing FOWL, FRUIT, etc., value £2

3,000 New Prizes

BONUSES of "BULLETS" SEASONS

Each cash or hamper prize for *Bullet* which was one of 28. entry of 4 efforts on single coupon (or plain-paper entry sheet) will be accompanied by £1 *Bullets* Season as Bonus.

The radiogram is a handsome walnut table model, which gives you a wide range of programmes and your own records with superb reproduction. As you'll see from our picture, the player compartment tucks neatly below the 5-valve radio set. The washing machine is compact, shapely and halves that work on the family laundry. See how easily the housewife in our picture rolls out the washing!

Which would *you* take with your prize cash? If you want that thrilling choice and a big cheque, start now on some *Bullets* and post your coupon by Mon., Feb. 14!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated March 5 and in JOHN BULL dated March 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"Bullets" Winners 1,663

FIRST PRIZE, £500: G. Rodgers, 25 Bishop Road, Anfield, Liverpool, 6:

NEW TEETH MENACING "TWICE BITTEN" WORLD

SECOND PRIZE, £50: H. Worrall, 64 Granada Road, Denton, Manchester: ON THE DEFENSIVE—SOON, MOON?

THIRD PRIZE, £25: J. H. Stuart, 6 Somerset Place, Liverpool, 6: LOVE—I'VE WON, BEATS ME!

OTHER AWARDS: £20: T. Hallett, 23 Getley Street, Birkenhead: IF MOTHER EARTH—TENDED AS INTENDED, SPLENDID! £18: T. S. Feakins, 31 Hambrough Road, Southall: THE GOODS—FIRST—*Then* THE "LOCAL"! £16: A. Thompson, 67 Lacey Street, Ipswich: THROWN AWAY—KINDNESS? DON'T "DROP IT"! £14: Mrs. M. Brown, 13 White Row, Rhymney: GROWL OF THE BULLDOG—"AMPLIFIED" BY EMPIRE "NETWORK." £12: Mrs. W. Kitson, 57 Westwood Road, Queens Drive, Ossett, Yorks: GRANDPA'S VIEW—YOUNGSTERS LIKE *Winston* NEEDED! £10: J. Reid, Ballygrooby, Randalstown, Co. Antrim: WITH HIS FINGERS CROSSED—THEY FOUND HER PASSENGER! £10: A. E. Dalby, 15 Kilburn Street, Shildon, Co. Durham: DULL AS DITCH-WATER—SERMON—"BEERSHEBA—" AWAKENED DAD!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see this week's *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Supplies limited, so apply immediately on 2d. stamped postcard addressed: Result 1,663, *Bulletin* Dept., 1 Slingsby Place London, W.C.2.

All prizes have been posted, including 50 of £1 and 3,000 new "Good Shot" Awards.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 615

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Worked. 3, Sub. 6, Ruin. 9, Coal. 11, Ear. 14, Threat. DOWN: 1, Wrench. 2, Rail. 4, Banter. 5, Hoot. 7, Facts. 8, Party. 10, March. 12, Fan. 13, Col or Cog.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. K. Naldrett, 229 Tudor Road, Leicester.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 14 entrants. Winner and Runners-up also receive Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Services.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Heroine Britannia	It's A State Pub, So
Way To End War	A Red-herring
Frightened Man	Stole The Show
Dragon Of Communism	Like A Schoolboy
Going Ahead	Worries Grandma
Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown	Punch On The Nose
Ideal Home	Nine Days' Wonder
Land Of Make-believe	Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions
Struck Dumb	Gave..... A Headache
Stain On His Character	If We Don't .....
The Common Cold	Glued To The.....
Put On	Absent-minded.....
Painless	No Small .....
	Something To.....For

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,667 (or Xword 619) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

GET THIS GUIDE

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, advice from competitors and an invaluable "Weighing-up" of Clues for Crossworders, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

BULLETIN LABEL

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 26. If this is your first specimen copy please mark × here

480

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper—see Bonus Offer above.

Closing Postmark, **1,667** MON., FEB. 14

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

MORE HOUSEHOLD PRIZES for XWORDS

Awards value up to £250

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. ★ Grand prize with each Award value £2 and over—a 100-piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service!

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 26 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and you may win not only a cheque but one of the 100-piece Services such as have been received by 92 competitors.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

XWORD 619

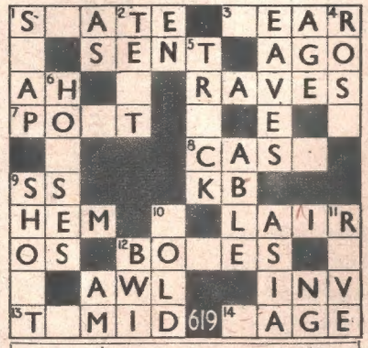
Across Clues

1. Our people are associating coal with this
3. A great many people are still unable to this the third programme
7. Advanced one is likely to provoke invidious attention
8. Poor play isn't at all likely to make
12. One may have to sit down heavily on them to get them to shut up
13. Few in audience are likely to be impressed by such a speaker
14. There can't be anything small about

Down Clues

1. Housewife doing all her own washing won't have much this left
2. Reliability of this is sometimes open to dispute
4. If you take this to be pink you may perhaps be wrong
5. One may be so fast you may find great difficulty in following it
6. Rain has effect of slowing up these
9. Many spectators at football matches know when to do this
10. May occasionally open Society's doors
11. Talking about such big subjects as religion or politics, men are very apt to

WIN A CHEQUE AND 100-in-1 PRIZE!



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 26.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

619 Closing Postmark, MON., FEB. 14

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

THREE UP: Continued from page 24

crackers. He had almost forgotten Kelland.

So it seemed had the fox who was now looking towards Greenrigg. Tryson, the glasses pressed to his eyes, said he could see the glint of its fangs. Greenrigg came on a yard or so. The fox crouched. A mere ten feet behind the animal, Kelland was still inching his way along the ledge. By the manner of his movement, he obviously had only enough space to put one foot dead in front of the other. The fox never budged. He was more afraid of the dog than the man.

Tryson spoke with a sober note. "'Tis middlin' awkward for Kelland. Tha'd almost think Greenrigg knaas. Ay."

I said nothing. I was too intent on wondering what would happen next. Many a time a crafty old fox has taken sanctuary on one of these ledges that end in space, and many a time a following hound has got within yards of it and had to stop. Each crouches and stares at the other, and they both know that there is no room to fight. After a while a wise hound will draw off and wander back to the safety of a more solid world.

In this case, Greenrigg could risk a yard or two more. He came on carefully. Probably Kelland was screaming at him. We could not hear that. What we could see was another chunk of rock snap off under Kelland's feet. He snatched at a projection above his head, and saved himself. But he dared not stop where he was. He had to come on before his weight sent more fragments of the rotten granite slithering away beneath him.

His knee was nearly touching the fox. This time I could see the glint of fangs. It was like a tiny white light against the darker rock. The head swung round and made a scared, desperate bite at him. No man could have stayed there motionless while fangs fastened into his flesh. Kelland jerked a trifle sideways. It was too much. He swayed outwards, and empty space claimed him.

The fox edged along to where Kelland had been. Plainly, Greenrigg dared not advance and risk a fight on that narrower lip of ledge. Yet it seemed curious how he immediately turned about and lolloped off around the curve.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

C. A. (Thornton Heath): The British Legion Taxi School is classed as a Ministry of Labour Vocational Training Establishment. The Legion provides free training facilities while the Ministry pays maintenance, lodging and dependants' allowances. These allowances are normally payable for eight months but the school has found that training takes more like ten months. If a trainee shows special aptitude, the Ministry will consider payment of allowances for the additional two months, but an extension beyond that period is seldom granted. This school is at Christchurch Hall, Kennington Oval, London, S.W.9.

* * *

J. S. (Portslade): The repairs allowance is always taken into account before the Schedule "A" assessment on a house is fixed. Your assessment of £15 is equivalent to an annual value of £20 less £5 for repairs. If you can show that on the average for the past five years you have spent more than £5 a year on repairs, insurance and management of the property, you may be able to claim an additional allowance.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

Yours for 9/6d

DEPOSIT

Another Exclusive "Fieldex" Model Tailored in today's most flattering Style in Good Quality Soft Weave Woollen Suiting:—

A TWO-PIECE COSTUME OF EXCITING VALUE

The Coat has particularly attractive appeal. In the skirt, all that is to be desired in Cut and Swing will be found. The Contrast Collar is a clever point. This season's shades in Rust, Brown, Blue and Green.

Sizes for the Junior Miss:

Bust 31 in., 32 in. and 33 in., price 81/10, 9 coupons.

For the S.W. Size: Bust 35 in., price 92/2, 12 coupons.

EXCLUSIVE "FIELDEX" MODEL

Send only 9s. 6d. deposit with coupons and 1s. 6d. for packing and postage.

Balance payable, after delivery, 10s. monthly.

Send 2d. stamp for List.

1. Fully coloured list—Coats, Frocks, Lingerie, Shoes, Men's Wear.
2. Ladies' and Men's Pocket and Wrist Watches.
3. Diamond and Gem Rings and all Jewellery.

State which required.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.71)
94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

PRICES 1/6d. AND 2/9½d. PER BOTTLE.

Are you distracted with an exhausting, hacking cough? Irritated by a persistent tickle in your throat? Then here's what to do:— Get a bottle of Zubes Cough Mixture, and take a dose right away.

The time-honoured remedies in this tried and trusted mixture instantly soothe away tickling and hoarseness, and quickly stop you coughing. Try Zubes Cough Mixture today, and *prove* how quickly it works.

ZUBES COUGH MIXTURE

When you are out in cold and damp—Go, suck a Zube. These famous medicated pastilles warm and protect the throat and chest.

Trained Men... HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS

The sound practical knowledge that countless I.C.S. students have acquired through a convenient course of Home Study has paved the way for many a successful career. I.C.S. trained men know the answers in their trade or profession, and their applications for better-paid posts in business and industry get the answers, too . . . from prospective employers. Get free advice on how to join the well-paid ranks of the I.C.S. trained men! Fill in the coupon and post it to International Correspondence Schools, Dept. J.B.1A, International Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Here are some of the subjects in which we offer thoroughly sound instruction:

Accounting	Concrete Eng.	Mechanical Eng.
Advertising	Cotton Manuf'ng	Motor Eng.
Air Conditioning	Diesel Eng.	Radio Eng.
Boilermaking	Draughtsmanship	Radio Servicing
Building	Electrical Eng.	Refrigeration
Business Management	Eng. Shop Practice	Salesmanship
Carp. & Joinery	Fire Engineering	Sales M'g'ment
Chemical Eng.	General Educ.	Short Story Writing
Civil Engineering	Heating & Vent.	Structural Eng.
Coal Mining	Illumination Eng.	Surveying
Commercial Art	Industrial Management	Telegraph Eng.
Commercial Training	Journalism	Welding
	Marine Eng.	Works Eng.

Exams: Technical, Professional, Commercial, Civil Service. Students coached until successful.

CUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. J.B.1A, International Buildings, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.2.

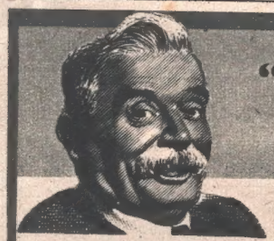
Please send free booklet on your courses

in.....

Name..... Age.....
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Address.....

ICS

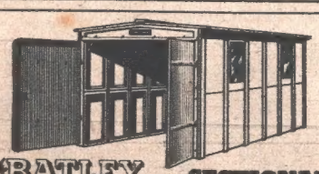


"Yes! I'm on the CO-OP committee"

I'VE TAKEN a keen interest in Co-operative trading since a lad. It's *FAIR*—equal shares all round. It's *PRACTICAL*—see how it's grown! And it's *COMMONSENSE*—you and your fellows own the shop and get its trading surplus as dividend. The Co-op is democratic; you elect the Management Committee—and if you don't like the way they run things you elect a new one. So with the C.W.S., which supplies the CO-OPS and makes every household need: it is owned by the retail Societies, who vote into office its Board of Directors. And the CO-OPS get the C.W.S. trading surplus, which makes *your* dividend higher than it would otherwise be.

So you can't tell ME that CWS goods don't cut the cost of living—I KNOW they do.

announcement of CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd.



BATLEY SECTIONAL CONCRETE GARAGE

PRICES FROM £50

Any handyman, with the help of a friend, can erect this easy-to-bolt-together Concrete Garage. A level, firm foundation is all that is required. Will last a lifetime without attention. Send today for illustrated list.

PERMANENT
PORTABLE
FIREPROOF
ROTPROOF

ERNEST **BATLEY** LIMITED
32 Colledge Road, Holbrooks, COVENTRY
Tel.: Coventry 89245/6

FOOTweary?

EASE your tired feet in a soothing Radox footbath. Radox releases the hurtful waste acid clogging up your pores—ordinary washing won't do this. Try it in your bath as well and it will soften and perfume the water; its oxygenized action revitalises you. From all chemists. Price 1/10½d and 3/2d (inc. tax)

***NEW!* Radox cubes, 3½d each, give you a handy, measured quantity for bath or bowl**

RADOX Bath Salts **RENEWS YOU from top to toe!**

1370-3

SUPERB OPPORTUNITY! FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

PRACTICAL HOME NEEDLECRAFT

In Pictures

Here's the delightful way YOU can make lovely things at home. This wonderful book, specially written and illustrated by leading needlecraft experts, shows you in **600 step-by-step photographs** and diagrams and **320 pages of stitch-by-stitch instructions, everything** you need to know about needlework. Save yourself Money and Coupons! Turn leisure moments to pleasant, profitable account. Make deft alterations to dresses, embroider lingerie, design dress accessories. Give your household and table linen a new appeal. **Big embroidery section** gives working of nearly 90 stitches. You Can't Go Wrong! But you must hurry to seize this book at the amazing privilege price. Standard edition, bookcloth 7/6. De Luxe edition leathercloth, 8/6. Prices include postage, etc.

It Shows you How to do:

Hems, Seams, Gathers, Frills
Tailor's Buttonholes
Blanket Stitch
Binding, Piping, etc.
Overseaming, etc.
Plackets
Clever Mending
Embroidery Stitches
Edges, Insertions
Borders, etc.
Appliqué work
Smocking
Cross Stitch
Drawn Thread
Needle Weaving
Broderie Anglaise
Initials, Quilting
Soft Toys, Flowers, etc. etc.

ACT NOW! Fill in and post Reservation Form below in 1d. stamped unsealed envelope to **Book Dept. J.B.1, Odhams Press Ltd., 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2.** Offer applies only in U.K. and Eire and closes February 16.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

Reserve in my name a copy of "Practical Home Needlecraft in Pictures" in Edition shown below and send by return my Privilege Certificate and Invoice. Cross out Edition NOT required.

(a) STANDARD (b) DE LUXE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....
(USE BLOCK LETTERS)

Firmly affix 1d. Stamp Here to bring Privilege Certificate and Invoice with **FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**

J.B.1/C.N.N. 5/2/49

Good News!

You Can Now Obtain SMALL *or* LARGE

Alasil TABLETS

for the Quick Relief of Pain

IN response to many requests, 'Alasil' Tablets have now been made available in two sizes. Whether you use the small tablets or large you will find that 'Alasil' possesses unique advantages for dispelling pain rapidly and effectively. 'Alasil' Tablets dissolve at once on the tongue or in a little water. They can therefore be taken at any time—anywhere. Because of their scientific composition, they are more generally acceptable, even to those with delicate digestions, without unpleasant after-effects.

Take 'Alasil' for: HEADACHE, COLDS and CHILLS, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATIC PAIN and PERIODIC PAINS.

Small size tablets:
Pocket size Carton 4d. Glass Tubes 1/7

Large size tablets:
Glass Tubes 1/7. Bottles 3/1½

At all Chemists

When purchasing, specify small or large tablets, whichever you prefer.

A Product of the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories

THE NEW POCKET SIZE CARTON

A.S.106

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland, 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

ALICE IN POSTERLAND

Sea-lion's share

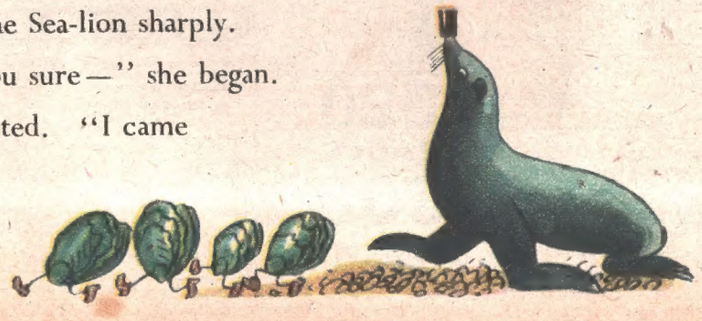
"I'm going to get some oysters," said the Sea-lion. "I'll carry the Guinness. You can carry the gun."

"I know there's nothing like a Guinness with oysters, of course," said Alice, "but what's the gun for?"

"To shell the oysters with, naturally," said the Sea-lion sharply.

Poor Alice felt dreadfully confused. "Are you sure—" she began.

"Of course I'm ashore," the Sea-lion interrupted. "I came ashore on porpoise, to get the Guinness."



G.E. 1439.D